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Choice Poetry.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF EARTH.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

They who teach in sackcloth raiment
That our earth is dark and dreary,
That it owns no single treasure—
Nothing we may hold as dear;
Teach what God hath ne'er decreed—
Lessons of ingratitude—
He, who all things hath created,
At the first pronounced them "good."

They have not decreased in merit,
Nature's wealth or loveliness—
All He gives us to inherit!—
Shall we not His bounty bless!
Sunny vales and verdant mountains,
Beds of every form and hue,
Broad, bold rivers, sparkling fountains—
Always beautiful and new.

Who could walk abroad, when even
Draws its curtain o'er the sky,
Pause and looking up toward Heaven,
On the pure stars fix his eye,
And then say this world is dreary—
Say that He who gave us birth,
Meant that we should earn grow weary
Of His dark and cheerless earth!

Human friends and social pleasure,
Bonds of sympathy and love,
Pure enjoyment, none can measure,
Kindly sent us from above;
These make up a sum of blessing,
Worthy of man's gratitude,
And by these God in expressing
That He careth for our good.

Never then with gloomy sadness,
Take the boon His hand hath given,
But with voice of praise and gladness,
Ever give thou thanks to heaven.
And tho' clouds will sometimes gather
O'er each scene of earthly bliss;
Yet still trust a tender Father—
There is mercy e'en in this.

Christian Observer.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER:
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

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(CONTINUED)

They stood alone. As the day passed, Agnes each hour realized more and more sensibly, the profound, the sweeping solitude of their sea-girt home—no farm or farms were seen near or far but their own; no voices were heard except their own; when they would cease talking, the cause of silence and solitude would become painfully intense to Agnes's unaccustomed heart; her spirits would have become awfully oppressed, but for the lively and various gossip of Miss Joe. She made Agnes comprehend, not only the whole history of the Hottons of the Isles; but of the Garnets, of Mount Cain, who had once claimed the landward isle, and named it St. Clara; of the Hardcastles, of the Hollow, who were so wealthy, and of the Wyllys, of Yeomens Point, who were so hospitable and so extravagant.

After an early tea, Miss Joe wishing to raise the spirits of her protective young protege, ordered Pomfret Pilate to get ready the boat, and out, and fish basket, to go and fish the vein, so that Agnes might have an opportunity of seeing it. Then she took Agnes, and walked down to the beach, where Pomfret Pilate, with his skiff, oars, net-basket, etc., was already awaiting them. They entered the boat, and were rowed around to the South end of the isle, where the vein was placed.

The sun had set, but the Western sky was clear and bright, and the moon was high in the East.

Miss Joe and Agnes sat quietly in the boat, while Pomf fished the weir with a dip net.

"You see, honey, if there was only a *market* nigh for them fish, how much money one could make! but as it is, all that we can't make use of ourselves is so much clear waste. So I never 'low Pomf to take more than two mouns! That will do, boy," she continued, as the basket was about one-third filled.

They rowed back to the landing. Miss Joe and Agnes got out on the strand, and Pomf set the basket of fish out.

"You needn't come ashore yourself, Pomf. You have got to carry Symmetrynda home in that boat! You stay there, and I will send her to you! When you come back again, and come up home, you can bring the basket of fish."

They returned to the house, and as Miss Joe was an observer of very regular and very early hours, she dismissed "Symmetrynda," with her blessing, covered up the fire; closed the doors and windows, and letting Agnes (they wouldn't wait for Pomf, who slept in his own little quarter, in the orchard, prepared to retire. She showed Agnes into the back, upper chamber, and continuing her about the light, kissed and bade her good-night; turning back, however, to say to her,

"If anything scares you in the night, honey, rap on the wall behind your bed; mine, you know, is right the other side o' the wall."

Then she retired indeed. Agnes heard her shut her door. She then closed and fastened her own by turning a wooden button.

The large windows of this chamber looked out upon the open sea. The night was splendid, with the full moon and myriads of stars, which were reflected on the broad and beautiful bosom of the water. It was a night "not made for sleeping." And Agnes knew not her "dip" candle, and sat down by the window to enjoy the dark, bright splendor of the night; watching the stars in the dark blue heavens reflected in the dark blue sea; watching them dancing on the silver-crested waves; watching the waves as they broke in a line of diamond light against the golden beach of the isle; her fancy wandering perchance over the pathless main to the distant, unknown lands that lay beyond—or following it may be only the lone ship that had left that morning—projecting perhaps into the future, and filling it with the airy, gladsome creations of youth and hope.

Very lovely she looked as she leaned there, her elbow on the window sill, her hand supporting her chin, and her beautiful auburn hair dropping in bright, amber-like ringlets down her cheek and bosom. Her face was unusually radiant, as with happiness of a confiding trust.—Perchance her spirit had ascended to that high world above the shining stars, from which her parents looked down and blessed their child, from which certainly her Heavenly Parent watched her always.

How profoundly still and lovely the scene was! no lights! no passing footsteps! no distant voices! no signs of human life! no! for such unusual impressive out here in this lone sea-girt isle! She roused herself till she saw a figure of a man, whom she recognized as Pomfret Pilate, ascending an docile from his vessel, came a creature of the enchant, and enter a little "quarter," which was of course his own. She remained there until the broad, full moon had ascended to its meridian, and midnight seemed almost as bright as noon. It was then, that running her eye along the coast, where the waters met the land in a line of floating light, her attention was electrified by the sight of a large boat, manned by six oarsmen, pulling swiftly and silently towards the beach, and even as she perceived it, on like an answer had it sped, it had already run ashore, and the six oarsmen jumped upon the beach.

During her eye cast to sea, she discerned the white sails of a brig brilliant in the moonlight, and strongly outlined against the deep blue background of the waters.

The six oarsmen, in the meantime, had lifted something, resembling a very large and heavy sea-chest, and were bearing it towards the interior of the island. Withdrawing her head, so as to be shielded from their observation, Agnes watched them.

When about half-way between the beach and the house, they turned off towards the North end of the isle, and each disappeared in that direction.

Agnes withdrew her eyes from their vanishing figures, to fix them again upon the boat that was still there, and upon the ship which was still in sight and stationary.

Filled with surprise and wonder she sat watching for the men to return. More than an hour passed, and no change took place in the scene. Once or twice she thought of calling up Miss Joe, that she might arouse Pomfret Pilate to send him to see who these midnight invaders of their lonely isle could be. But she distrusted her own fear and courage. She counted her heart-beats. She said of herself what she had often had said to her, "I am only a weak, foolish girl, frightened with shadows," and then, "No! I will try to control myself, and not make a mountain of a mole-hill. I will try to learn a little courage and self-possession. Hugh, who is so brave, shall never hear that the first night I came here I roused up the family in a panic of fear, because a few sailors landed on our isle to—but then what was that great chest for? and why such officiality at midnight?" she suddenly asked herself, and short in her fear ceased. Finally—"At any rate," she said, "I will not give the alarm until I see more, and I will watch here till they return."

But an hour more passed away, and there was no sign of their return—all things remained as they were—the moon, that had been staking, soon after this went down, leaving the world in that deep darkness that precedes the dawn of day. Now that she could see no more, Agnes almost regretted not having awakened the family. She closed the window, and lay down to rest. But her mind was too excited to admit of sound and healthful sleep. A fitful slumber, full of starts, fell upon her.

At last, springing up out of a confused and frightful dream of a surprise, midnight marauders, and massacre, Agnes saw that day had dawned. She sprang up and went to the window, opened it, looked out. She then stood and fastened her own by turning a wooden button.

Hurshing was red in the far East with the coming sun, and red upon the wide waste of waters! Everything was holy and beautiful, cool and still. The calmness and coolness of the morning soothed and refreshed her, mind and body—the holiness and beauty of nature drew her soul to prayer and praise. She sank upon her knees there where she stood, and, bowing her head upon her hands, offered up her morning orisons.

As she arose and left the window, the rising sun poured a flood of golden glory into the chamber, reproducing the large scarlet windows on the opposite side.

And then the chirping, cheerful voice of Miss Joe was heard, as she came up stairs and tapped at the door.

"Come, honey, come! here is a pail of fresh water for you to wash! Come, honey, breakfast has been waiting an hour! 'Tain't my habits to 'low the sun to catch me at the breakfast table, no how! Come, honey, come!"

Agnes opened the door, and there stood the brisk little woman, with a wooden bucket of spring water in her hand, looking as if life depended on haste.

"I am very sorry you should have taken the trouble to bring me water," said Agnes, gathering her half-combed, long auburn ringlets in one hand, and taking the pail with the other.

"Lor', child, that ain't nothing! I ain't afraid of my labor. Come, make haste, honey! Breakfast is all ready, and I want to get that piece o' cloth in the locus. But, honey, I don't think you slept well. Your cheeks don't look quite so much like the scarlet rose berries as they did yesterday."

"Oh, but they will soon!" said Agnes, smiling; "they will as soon as I get to working with you. I want you to teach me to spin on the great wheel."

"Poor child! It's a pity any one so willin' to here as you are, should a' been left in ignorances so long."

"Oh, but I have not," said Agnes; "my dear father did not neglect me. He sent me to a day school, where I learned to read and write, and cast accounts."

"All nonsense, child! All a pack o' nonsense!"

"But no—not quite, I think! I can answer you and myself, and even Pomf, by reading to you an act out of work, these long, lonesome winter nights that are coming."

"Worse than nonsense, child! all old Satan's inventions for the waste of time!"

"But then the casting of accounts! I can keep your accounts straight for you."

"Not a bit o' one, honey! I can count up on my fingers all the money I yarn and spend!—Come, honey, hurry! I'm a-going down to put the breakfast on the table."

The old lady left the room, and soon Agnes followed her down stairs. They sat down to a substantial meal, more various and abundant than many city families of the middle or even the upper classes can afford.

Everything in that region was plentiful, superabundant, except money. The reason was obvious—there was no market and no enterprise. While stepping her first cup of coffee, Agnes said—

"Aunt Cotter, something strange happened last night!"

"Strange, honey?"

"Yes, Aunt Cotter. After you went to bed, as I was not sleepy, and yet didn't wish to waste the candle so, I blew it out—"

"That was right, honey! never waste the candle, though it *is* home-dipped."

"And I went and sat by the open window—"

"Ah, that was wrong! the night air is considered very mischievous in these parts. It's very apt to give fever'n'ager. I 'spose you didn't get any, and that's the reason you look so pale! You, that's what happened to you. Well, honey, it's nothing strange or dangerous! It's only complement, and you must go to bed and take a sweat to-night, and to-morrow you must drink chamomile tea to strengthen you—that's all!"

"Aunt Cotter, I didn't have a chill! I never had one in my life. But while I sat there, looking at the moonlight on the waters, I saw a brig in the distance—"

"Well, child, what of that? *that* was nothing strange!—all sorts of vessels are always going up and down this way, at all hours."

"Yes, ma'am, but this brig put off a boat which was manned by six rowers, and they pulled for the strand swiftly and silently, and each landed and filled out some great heavy weight, like a large sea-chest, and carried it across the isle towards the North end, frequently cutting it down to rest, and lifting it again, until they passed out of my sight, toward the North end of the isle, as I said. I watched for their return to the boat until the moon went down, and it was too dark to see. Then I went to bed. I woke up at dawn and looked out, but the boat and the ship were both gone! Perhaps I ought to have waked you up when I first saw it, and told you, but I did not like to accuse you before I had more cause. Now, what do you think of it? Was it sailors after wood, or water, fish or what? I'm so inexperienced in this part of life—and what was that great weight which they carried, and what were they going to do with it?"

"Lor', child! how you do astonish me! Don't you know that you fell asleep, and dreamed that? Vessels never come near here!—never within two or three miles of here! What should fetch 'em? Long as I've been living here—two mouns and more—no vessel has ever come nigh the island, and no boat has ever come, except from the mainland, saving Hugh's boat, when his ship is near! No, honey, you dreamed a dream!"

"Indeed it was no dream, Aunt Cotter. And now I think of it, this morning, by clear daylight, I think that there may be danger! If any midnight assassins *should* choose to rob and murder us, what could hinder them, or save us? What could even punish them, and avenge us? We are so far removed from our fellow creatures—so completely cut off from the rest of the world, that we might be robbed and murdered with the greatest ease, and with complete impunity to the assassins!"

"Ah! child!—I just wish my midnight marauders *would* come here to molest us! I'd put a ball through 'em in less than no time! Oh! honey, I don't live here unprotected! You see that blunderbuss, leaning up again the clock? Beside that, honey, I'm protected like the fairy princess, by a dragon with *three* heads!"

"By a dragon with three heads?"

"Yes, honey, but the names of my dragon's heads are Age, Ugliness, and Poverty! You'll say that my dragon can't protect you, but my blunderbuss can! besides which, here's Pomfret Pilate, and here's my bull pup, who will soon grow into a terrible animal! But there is no danger, child! never was any! what you thought you saw was only a dream!"

"It was no dream, Aunt Cotter!" said Agnes to herself, but she could not contradict the old lady again.

After breakfast Agnes stole away alone, and walked down to the North end of the isle, for the purpose of examining the premises. It was a very cold, bleak, and desolate place—all sand, coarse gravel, and large stones—and exposed to the dreadful power of the North wind. She saw no signs of human footsteps, but then it must be remembered that an army might have passed there and left no vestige of their passage on that rugged strand!

CHAPTER V.

THE BRIDE.

She shrines within her heart's core one dear image;
She thinks of it all day—she dreams all night!
Mary Howitt.

Time passed. The days were all occupied with work—yes, *hard* work. All day long the whirr of the flying shuttle, and the dull, monotonous clap-clap of the warp rammer would be heard, as Miss Joe sat at her loom; and the hum of the great spinning-wheel, as Agnes stood and spun. Agnes had no motive under the sun for her industry but Hugh's interest and Hugh's pleasure. To become an efficient help-meet for Hugh—to be an industrious and saving little housekeeper for Hugh's profit. And when Miss Joe praised her docility and perseverance, poor girl, she felt as though she were receiving Hugh's approval. Sometimes she would be tempted to think a little hardly of his having gone to sea so instantly after their marriage—but when this thought took the hue of blame, she banished it at once. But—did he love her at all, when he could leave her so soon, and with so little emotion? She feared not. Would he ever love her as she loved him—as she wished to be loved? She knew herself to be beautiful and attractive. She would have been an idiot not to have known it. In her deep and secret heart, while never acknowledging her progress to herself, she sought to adapt herself to her circumstances and duties, and fit herself to win Hugh's approval and love. Such were her silent dreams and reveries by day, while her spinning-wheel whirled under her hand, and the incessant clap-clap of Miss Joe's loom sounded on her ear from the other corner.

On retiring to her room at night, she would frequently watch for the coming of that strange boat, which, however, never came. She persevered in her vigilance until the moonlight nights were over, and it was too dark to discern any object so far off as the beach. Then she gave over the task.

And so November passed, and the greater part of December, when one day Miss Joe Cotter having gone to the mainland, to Hattenboro, to buy coffee, tea and sugar, returned to the isle with a letter from Hugh. It was directed to *herself*, and not to Agnes. And that the young bride felt as a slight only the more painful because it was unintentional. The letter was merely an announcement of his speedy return home, to spend Christmas, and ended with—

"Remember me to little Agnes, and tell her to be a good girl! I believe Christmas-eve is her birthday! Is she fifteen or sixteen, then? Sixteen, I think! Tell her I shall not forget to bring her something pretty! And, aunt, don't tease the poor child with your industry and economy!"

Agnes might have felt very much elated at the near prospect of Hugh's return, but the manner in which he spoke of her, with such cool kindness, very much moderated her emotions of surprise and joy. Soon, however, the slight vexation passed, and Agnes thought of little beyond Hugh's return. She entered heart and soul into all Miss Joe's kind and affectionate preparations to welcome the sailor.

At length the important day dawned; it was Christmas Eve's Eve. The snow was two feet deep on the ground, and crusted with a coat of ice thick enough to bear the heaviest footsteps without breaking through. The day was cold, crisp, but clear. Miss Joe walked all over the ice with as much ease and freedom as though it had been June instead of December, and she had green instead of ice over her head and feet deep. Though Agnes silently foreboded that she would sink through suddenly and break her legs.

All within the house was very comfortable. There was an abundance of good things in the cellar, the loft and the cupboards—hams and bacon; cheese and game; home-made bread and cake; sweet butter and cheese; nuts and dried fruits; cider and quinces; and, in short many many things "too numerous to mention!"

As an ornament for of great oak and hemlock logs was roaring and crackling in the wide fire-place. The hearth was brightened up with red ochre. The *literal's* ground floor was covered over with fresh white sand. The large windows were clean, clear, glistening, and slightly shaded on the outside with the clustering brown stems and scarlet berries of the bodies running over them. The tables and dressers were covered in a cool-like whiteness. The pewter plates ranged on the shelves above like silver plate. The face of the clock was newly varnished, and the clock itself ticked cheerily. The great fat tortoise shell cat sat upon a cushioned chair and purred coolly. The loom and the big wheel were silent and at rest. And Miss Joe herself had taken up what she called her "parlor work," "company work," or "holiday work"—to wit, a reel, and sat in a broad arm-chair by the great fire winding yarn.

They were by no means certain that Hugh would arrive that day, though as he had promised it in his letter by Christmas, every day now increased the probability of his arrival.

It was nearly sunset when Agnes went up into her room for the fiftieth time that day to look at the sea for a sail. It was very cold, and there was no fire, so Agnes thought just to give one sweeping glance over the waters, and then retire, when her eye alighted on a distant sail making towards the isle. She wrapped a large woollen shawl around herself and sat down to watch what might come. The vessel here drew rapidly upon the island. When within about a quarter of a mile and bearing away Westward towards the mainland, she lowered a boat with two rowers, who pulled swiftly towards the landing. Agnes recognized Hugh and one of his crew. She started and ran down stairs, exclaiming as she burst into the kitchen,

"Hugh is coming! Hugh is almost here, aunt! I saw him in the boat!"

"Is he?" said the old lady, quietly. "Well, then, honey, do you take some water up stairs in—in—in my, no, in your room for him to wash, while I put up the supper, so that he needn't wait."

Agnes complied, arranging everything neatly and conveniently, and then returned to the kitchen to assist Miss Joe in arranging the supper on the table.

They had scarcely completed their task, before a sharp rap was instantly followed by the pushing open of the door, and Hugh entered alone, vigorously stamping the snow off his feet.

Miss Joe looked at the snow and her soiled floor, and sighed heavily, and shook her head before she even advanced to welcome her nephew.

That greeting over, Hugh extended his hand to his young wife with a "How do you do, Agnes, my dear?" and threw himself heavily into a great arm-chair by the fire.

You! it seemed but too true! the little love Agnes had inspired him with during their short acquaintance had all evaporated during the not-much-longer sea voyage!

Would he go to his room and change his dress? Would he have water? Everything was in readiness for him up stairs!

"No! He would stay here in this arm-chair by the chimney corner until they should set down to tea! He did not wish to give anybody any trouble. He begged that they would take none. Besides he was so glad to see his good aunt and little Agnes, that he did not wish to lose a single moment of their company for the little time that he had to stay with them.

Then Miss Joe invited him as soon as he should feel himself sufficiently rested, to take off his overcoat, and set down to supper.

Then Hugh arose, and Agnes quietly took his hat, and Miss Joe drew off his overcoat, and indicated him into his seat at the table. The supper was a feast! Besides the usual indispensables of coffee, rich cream, fresh butter, and light bread, there were oysters and wild ducks, stewed fruit, cakes, and so on.

Hugh asked Agnes how she liked her island home. This was the first question he had put to her since his return.

Agnes answered that she liked it very well. Did she not find it lonesome?

"No, indeed."

Poor Agnes, in her desire to be agreeable, was totally unconscious of her falsehood.

Then Hugh turned to Miss Joe, inquiring kindly after her health.

Oh! her health was always good, and had never been better than at this moment.

When tea was over, and the table cleared away, they all drew around the fire. Miss Joe, with her reel and yarn, and Agnes sitting idle in compliment of Hugh's return.

Hugh, on his part, began to tell them of his voyage, of its success, of his happiness to find himself at home again—of a certain large and well filled box which he hoped might be acceptable to his aunt and Agnes. Moreover, Miss Joe had no occasion on the six of "hearing away" money, which was gently cut short by Hugh, who, rising up, announced that he really ought to have been back to his vessel an hour before, and that he must now take leave of them.

"When shall we see you again?"

"To-morrow about noon."

"What! not before?"

"No! I have both to go to Hattenboro."

"Well! you'll stay when you do come?"

"I am afraid I cannot promise you indeed, aunt! but, at all events, I will see you every day, and make it a point to spend the whole of Christmas day with you. Good-night, aunt! Good-night, Agnes, my dear!"

He was gone.

The next day Hugh came, accompanied by two sailors bearing a heavy box between them, which on being opened under the supervision of Miss Joe, presented any amount of housekeeping finery, equally unattainable for time, place, persons and circumstances, and which drew from that excited and flighty housekeeper a nervous and uncomprehending demonstration of the ah of extravagance. At the bottom of all was a smaller box, which, being uncovered, displayed a large blue eyed, pink-cheeked, round-faced, flaxen-haired wax doll, which Hugh took carefully out himself, and presented to Agnes! Agnes dropped the thing in a paroxysm of surprise, vexation and mortification!

Miss Joe threw her hands up, shook her head, and exclaimed—"Lor', Gimini, I think the man's done, 'tall leave o' his senses! Oh, my Lor'! Oh, Hugh! you'll bring my poor babe—" And here Miss Joe broke down, and choking with tears, she left the room.

Hugh remained at home for about a week, paying daily visits to the island. After the first few days, it was evident that the charming beauty, genial temperament and loving soul of Agnes, was really beginning to affect him.

On Christmas day, Hugh breakfasted with them—accompanied them to Hattenboro to Church—returned to dinner with them; and in the evening, by way of diversion, took them on board his vessel—his *new* vessel—"The Bella Agnes," to show it. After viewing the upper deck and the lower deck, and looking down the hatchway into the hold, and coming up again, and noticing the sails and ropes, and looking into the caboose and the sailors' mess-room, Captain Hugh took them into his own cabin. It was roomy and comfortable, compared to the size of his vessel. The berth was low, and under it the space filled up with drawers. In the middle of the cabin was a table, made fast to the floor—and over it was suspended a lamp, then not burning. At the upper end of the cabin were two closets, and placed between them was a chest of drawers, with a white Marseilles cloth laid over the top, and a looking-glass hung above it.

"All this womanish finery was none of my doings, Aunt Joe! The cabin remains just as it was when I purchased the vessel from old Captain Galen, who used often to commune the folly of taking his wife to sea with him," exclaimed Hugh.

"Do you hear him, Agnes? He calls all neatness and comfort, womanish finery!"

"It seems to me, Aunt Joe, that he calls only unnecessary furniture, like the looking-glass for instance, 'womanish finery.'"

"Still it seems to me, that Captain Hutton has not a good opinion of women," said Miss Joe, bridling."

"No, sure, I'm sure he only thinks that what might be very well for women, and quite indispensable for some of them, might be quite unnecessary, and even ridiculous for men."

This confab was carried on *ratto voce* while Captain Hugh was going up the gangway, and turning, stooping, and extending down his long arm, to assist Miss Joe to ascend.

After having seen every admirable part of the vessel, the party were let down into their boat, and rowed back to Hutton's Isle.

At last New Year's day dawned. It was the last day he had to stay at home. They spent this holiday very much as they had spent Christmas day—going to church at Hattenboro, in the forenoon, and returning to the isle to dinner—the only variation was, that after dinner instead of taking them to the ship again, which would have been stupid, Hugh took them to the mainland, where he hired a sleigh, and gave them a long, fine run over the frozen snow.

The next morning, Hugh came early—unknown to Aunt Joe however, who was out doors giving directions to Pomfret Pilate about his day's work. She had returned to the kitchen, and was busily engaged as usual at her loom, when she was very much astonished by a noise on the stairs as of a man's heavy footsteps, and the stair door was pushed open, and Hugh appeared, porter-like, with a great trunk—Agnes's trunk upon his shoulders, a basket in his hand, and a band-box under his arm, and followed by Agnes herself, dressed in travelling gear, with another basket and a bundle.

Miss Joe stared with amazement, without being able to articulate—

"Why, what in the name of all the saints in Heaven does all this here mean?"

"I am going to take Agnes to sea with me!" said Hugh.

"To-morrow about noon."

"You are mad!—you're gone stark, staring mad!" said Miss Joe, turning pale, and revolving, seriously, the possibility, with the assistance of Pomfret Pilate, of putting him into a straight-jacket.

"Agnes, you're not—no!—you're not going away 'long o' that madman!"

Agnes shrank behind Hugh, leaving him to bear the difficulty.

"Come, Aunt Joe, it is all very pleas and easy to understand! I'm not the first man that ever took his wife to sea with him! And I have spent so little time with her, too!"

"Spent so little time with her!—well, whose fault was that? You're ever—always buying back to your ship! I thought when you'd a got married, you'd a sold the damned old ship, and settled down, and farmed your land like a 'spectable member o' society ought for to do! 'Stead o' which you're a-takin' of the poor young gall to sea with you—you sea-hearted, black hearted tyrant, you! She don't go!—she shan't!—that she! only she'n't! I won't let her! I'll 'thout her from you! Come here, Agnes! Come to me this minute, honey! She'll be a mother to it!"

"Agnes! am I a tyrant?" asked Hugh, looking over his trunk and band-box taken shoulders at Agnes, who was cowering behind him.

"You hush!—I won't believe her if she says you ain't! Ain't you there brow-beating of her now?" exclaimed the old lady in a rage.

"Do say something to her, Agnes, my dear, for we must be going, and I do not want to part with our good scent in anger."

Agnes came out from behind, set down her bundle and basket, and going timidly up to Miss Joe, she put her arms around her neck, kissed her softly, and said—

"Dearest, good Aunt Joe, I love you better than you can in the world, except—but it's I that want to go. I want to go as much as he does!"

"But why, why do you want to go? It's only a whim! You're crazy!"

"I—I—I've a curiosity to see the ocean!"

"You can see it well enough out o' your back windows!"

"Aunt Joe! I don't want to part with Hugh! and as he cannot give up the sea, yet awhile, why I must give up the land for a bit!"

"Oh, my Lor'! This is the upshot of my t'iling, and striving, and contriving!—When I thought a wife would bring him to stay home, and now, instead of *one* going to sea to make me company, there's *two* going to sea—which is twice as bad—and one being a bit of a gall, which is so bad that it couldn't be worse! There as I t'iled for, too! Oh, my good, loving, patient I an'! Is there no patience for? It's enough to discourage any poor, striving, t'iling, contriving soul that ever lived!"

Agnes put her arm around her neck softly, and kissed her again in silence.

"Judas kisses! Judas kisses!" exclaimed the old lady, bitterly.

Agnes burst into tears. It might have been Agnes's sympathetic nature, but she was rather apt to burst into tears as a last resort!

The old lady now broke out into loud sobs for company.

Hugh set his trunk, band-box and basket down upon the floor, and set himself to the task of comforting and soothing both.

Miss Joe was the first to recover.

"Come here, Aggy, my darling child! You have been like a darter to me, honey! Kiss me again! They won't Judas kisses, honey, nobo o' them! That was only my quick temper! They were true, loving kisses, from the sweetest lips that ever smiled! Bless you still go, Aggy. God bless you, my child! God bless you! I shall comfort myself very well by wearing cloth and flannel, and making counterpanes for you against you come back! Good-bye!" And she embraced Agnes fondly, and lifted and placed in her hands the basket and bundle.

Hugh now came forward, and for the second time bade his aunt farewell!—and removing his bundles, trunks, band-boxes, baskets, etc., set out for the beach.

"If I'd only known, I'd a' had a cup of coffee ready for you!" said the old lady, and she looked really pitiable, as she stood there in her solitude, watching them as they went down to the beach, and embarked on board the little boat, and sped towards the distant ship. Having, with the aid of a spy-glass, seen them embark on board the ship, Miss Joe turned into her lonely home and began preparing her solitary meal.

CHAPTER VI.

MOUNT CAIN.

A proud aristocratic hall it seems,
Not courting, but discouraging approach.
Manfred.

Noiseless as silence reigned there like a law,
And the cold luxury saddens into awe,
Save when the swell of somber festival
Jars into joy the melancholy hall,
As some chance wind in mournful Autumn
wrings
Discordant notes, although from music strings.
New Timon.

It is six months since the events with which we closed the last chapter, and June, with its deep blue, sunny skies, its rich and heavy foliage, and its blooming flowers, has come. Let us introduce you to another scene—to Mount Cain, the seat of General Aaron Garnet. From from the bay you can see the massive house, with its broad white front, as it reverses the highest of a distant range of hills. After passing through the village of Hatton, and going up and down the grassy hills that rise one above the other beyond it, you enter a deep hollow, thickly grown with woods, and passing through it, begin to ascend, by a heavily shaded forest road, the last and highest hill of the range—Mount Cain. When about half-way up this hill, you come to the brisk wall enclosing the private grounds, and passing through the porter's gate, whose old Mr. and Mrs. Brown have been many months domesticated, you enter a heavily shaded carriage drive, that, sweeping around in an ascending half-circle, brings you up before the mansion house. Here you can turn around and view the grounds and the landscape below. The lawn, with its numerous gigantic oaks and elms, its vine-clad arbors, serpentine walks and rustic seats; the magnificent old forest enclosing it in a sweeping semi-circle; the undulating hills below, as they fall one beneath the other towards the level land; the distant village of Hatton, with its quiet little life; the bright inlet flowing on to the sea; the boundless sea itself meeting the Eastern horizon. Turning now towards the house, you see a succession of terraces paved with marble steps, and adorned with beautiful foreign trees and parterres of flowers. The front of the mansion is of white granite; the main building is large and square, and flanked by two wings; the house consists of three stories, with cellar and attic; through the centre of the main building, on each floor, runs a broad hall, flanked on each side by dozen admitting into vast, lofty, and luxuriously-furnished apartments—two on a suit, divided from each other by a sustained arch thus: On the first floor, on the North side of the broad hall, were the two parlors, separated and connected by a lofty arch, with crimson velvet curtains and gilt cornices; on the South side, the dining-room and the library were similarly divided. On the second floor, on the North side of the broad hall, the lady's bed-chamber and dressing-room were separated by an arch, hung with rose-colored silk curtains; on the same floor, on the South side, was a corresponding suit. The third story contained several handsomely-furnished spare chambers. The wings that flanked the building were occupied as follows: the North wing had been designed for a picture-gallery, with a sky-light, but was empty and closed up; the South wing comprised a handsome saloon, opening upon a conservatory, with a Southern aspect.

Behind the house was a green slope and a thick grove that concealed from view the extensive out buildings connected with the establishment, and which were scattered down the back slope of the hill—in something like this order:—the kitchen and servants' apartment were nearest the mansion, then came the wash house, bake house, meat house, etc., all separate buildings; below these were the stables, kennels, hen-houses, and all sorts of houses and pens for all descriptions of farmstock and poultry, and still below these, and on every side below, were barns, granaries, corn lofts, root houses, winter garners, and every kind of building for all sorts of plantation produce. Extensive fields of corn, wheat, rye, oats, tobacco, etc., spread all over the undulatory land at the bottom. The estate itself comprised several thousands of the best acres in old St. Mary's county, and there were several hundred of them under the best cultivation, and in the richest state of productiveness.

This princely estate had remained in the possession of the Chesters since the first settlement of the country, and unlike the usual fate of old Maryland plantations, the property had not only been carefully preserved, but had steadily increased in value up to the time of the Revolution, when it had reached its highest importance.

The estate was then in the hands of Charles Chester, Esq., Justice of the Peace and Associate Judge of the Provincial Court. His family consisted of a wife, two sons and a daughter.

At the breaking out of the Revolution, Judge Chester and his two stalwart boys took the field among the first, and at the triumphant close of the war, *Colonel* Chester set out on his return home with a pair of epaulettes, minus his pair of goodly sons, who were left not only dead upon the field of glory, but buried with all the honors of victorious war upon the immortal plains of Yorktown. And thus it happened that the heirship of the heavy estate, with all its burden of onerous responsibilities, fell upon the frail shoulders of young Alice Chester,—a full-skirted, golden-haired, blue-eyed girl of seventeen, the fairest, gentlest and most fragile being that ever cared life to a stern and warlike sire. Also living at home with her simple-hearted, domestic mother, had been very little noticed by her father, or even by any one else, until, by the death of his sons, she became the sole heiress of the vast estate, which was to prove the greatest misfortune of her life. For Alice, thus left to herself to find companionship, had been drawn into an attachment upon which the happiness of her whole future existence depended. Living with her mother a very secluded life during the absence of her father and brothers with the American army, Alice saw very little company as she grew up to womanhood, and her mind and heart began to throw out their feelers for knowledge and sympathy, even as a young and tender plant strikes out its roots for new nourishment. Their only visitors were a few quiet, domestic ladies, of the neighborhood, who, if the weather was very fine and tempting, would occasionally come with their knitting work, the baby and the black nurse, or perhaps with grandma and the two little girls to spend the afternoon and take tea, and who would invariably depart before or at sunset.

The long, long bleak Winters were passed in almost invariable seclusion, obscured only by an occasional letter from the army, and an occasional ride to church, if the road happened to be passable, which was very seldom the case.

This life lasted until Alice was fifteen years of age, when an event occurred such as would make no stir at all in a city, but which will throw a quiet country neighborhood into convulsions, namely—a change of ministry, not national but parochial! The old parson, overpowered by declining health, had departed to take charge of a congregation further South, and a young parson had come in his stead. The Reverend Milton Sinclair was handsome, graceful, and accomplished—it is true, you think, these are positive faults in a young clergyman, since it leads the susceptible and romantic among the young women of his charge to love the messenger more than Him whose message he bears, making the servant usurp the Master in the affections of a portion of his people; but you will pardon the manly beauty, grace, and accomplishments of Milton Sinclair, when I tell you that these fascinating superficial accidents were overbalanced by a highly moral, intellectual and religious tone of character.

By the invitation of Mrs. Chester, the young minister became the temporary inmate of Mount Cain, and very much he entertained and instructed mother and daughter. He became the almoner of the lady to the poor around. He directed and superintended the reading of Alice—introducing gradually as her opening mind could bear, all the beauties and glories of science, history, philosophy and poetry. And above all were her religious interests cared for, the duties of charity in its broadest sense, self-devotion, fortitude, patience, faith through life and unto death, hope within the very cemetery's mouth of despair, all that is included in the golden rule of love to God and our neighbor, was cultivated in the genial soil of her soul.

He impressed upon her that she it was to whom the tremendous trust of the ten talents had been confided, and of whom, therefore, double could be required. That God had not endowed her richly with every manner of good gift in her worldly rank; in her social position; in her domestic surroundings; in her physical health and beauty; in her intellectual power—that she might live for herself alone, or even for those she loved, alone; and above all—far above all—did he point her to the elevating truth that God had not so richly and gloriously endowed her with natural constitutional goodness, that she might rest indolently contented with even the high moral character that had been—like fine fame, friends, intellect, and beauty—God's free gift! No! He made her feel that "of her to whom much had been given, much, very much would be required!"

And, oh! how she loved to hear him talk! how readily she acquiesced in his truth that all the virtues for which she had been praised so much—if indeed she had any—were constitutional, and would out, and should not serve her in the great day of final account. And oh! how her heart burned to show him the self-devotion, the patience, the fortitude of which it was capable! Poor Alice, the opportunity was not long wanting! and when it came—but of that more hereafter.

When the Spring opened, a visit from the bishop of the diocese was expected. Shrinkle, as her pastor, began to prepare Alice for the sacred rite of confirmation, praying with her, reading with her, directing her meditations, exhorting her to private prayer and self-examination—speaking to her also of the times when the newly enrolled Soldier of the Cross had to take up the burthen "alone!"—when the sacred "laying on of hands"—the benediction—the trust was the bond of union between the apostle and his convert.

Oh! in after life! the desert of after life! the one

"Green spot in memory's waste"

was this sweet innocent season of early love and early religious fervor! How slowly and softly their mutual love matured—how silently—gaining heavenly life, while they scarcely suspected its existence, or at all recognized love under its true name and nature; Alice, for her part, attributed it for a part of her religion—and when she would go to church, in the most tempestuous weather, never surmised that she went so much to hear the preacher's

"One loved voice"

as to listen to the word of God. On Sinclair's side he called it duty, pastoral care, etc., until one day he was aroused from his happy dream as by a thunder shock!—and he knew that months before he should have gradually abandoned his visits to Mount Cains, or obtained its master's permission to continue them on a new and more intimate footing! He lost not an hour now in seeking the presence of Mrs. Chester, and informing her of his deep, unconquerable, eternal love of Alice, and placing his destiny in her hands. The lady set him at rest at once by telling him that she at least had known of this attachment for months past, that if she had not warmly approved it, she would have felt it her duty to have informed him long ago. She knew that his affection was reciprocated and returned by Alice. She was very happy that it was so. She highly esteemed Mr. Sinclair as her minister, and should love him as a third son. It was the marriage she should most of all others desire for her sole daughter. She told him, however, that the final decision must rest with her father, and advised him to write immediately to Colonel Chester.

Sinclair did so, conscientiously omitting her father's letter before addressing Alice.

Col

Humorous Sketch.

ELECTRICITY.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Foreign Items.

General News.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BURIED TALENT.

LETTER FROM KOSSUTH.

AMERICA ABROAD.

INTERESTING TO PARENTS.

TRUE NOBILITY.

Clippings.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE, No. 66 South Third Street, Phila., Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c. &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms. DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship Illinois arrived at New York on Saturday last, bringing $1,800,000 in gold, and 374 passengers. Among the latter were Senator Gwyn and wife. The Illinois also brings the California mails to September 15th. The officers report that there were seven persons on board who have made one hundred thousand dollars by their labors at the mines.

The connection of the Panama Railroad to Gatun, undoubtedly took place on Friday, October 10th, or Saturday, October 11th, as at the time of the sailing of the Illinois there remained only 600 feet to be filled in, and they were making that distance daily. The engineers confidently expected to have the track laid, and run the locomotive through to Gatun on Sunday, the 12th inst.

We take the following paragraphs from the correspondence of the N. Y. papers, and from the California press:

We also learn that the English Expedition, consisting of two vessels, sent to Behring's Straits in search of Sir John Franklin, have discovered nothing; and, in consequence of the difficulty of working through the unusual masses of ice, have abandoned the undertaking, and are about returning home.

CALIFORNIA AGRICULTURE—EXTRAORDINARY YIELD OF BARLEY.—A crop of barley has recently been threshed, which was raised on the rancho of Senor Naruego, on the Contra Costa, during the past season. From two hundred and forty-four pounds of seed sown, the yield was twenty-two thousand and five hundred pounds. For each pound of barley sown, the yield has been 92 1-2 lbs.

VOTE FOR GOVERNOR.—We give the latest reliable returns of the recent election for Governor. From these, Reading (W.) appears to be 250 ahead. Trinity, San Luis Obispo, Klamath and San Diego are still to be heard from. Passengers by the Chesapeake, which arrived on Saturday night, are of opinion that Trinity and Klamath will give Reading a small majority.—The vote is exceedingly close, and the official returns alone can decide the result. The rest of the Democratic State ticket (including the two Congressmen,) runs considerably ahead of Bigler, and are all elected, with the exception, possibly, of the candidate for Surveyor-General.—Mr. Herron, the Whig candidate for this office, runs nearly as well as Reading. The vote throughout the State is small.

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.—From reliable returns thus far received, the Whigs have elected two State Senators and the Democrats eleven.—One Whig and five Democratic Senators hold over. The Senate consists of 23 members. To the Assembly, 14 Whigs and 29 Democrats and two Independents have been elected. The House consists of 63 members—of which 32 are a majority. The counties to be heard from will undoubtedly give the Democrats a clear majority. That party will then have both branches of the Legislature, and the election of U. S. Senator will rest with them.

A most destructive fire visited Marysville on the night of the 30th of August, by which three entire squares, including upwards of eighty houses, and property valued at $500,000, were consumed. On the 10th of September, the same place was again visited by a disastrous fire, which destroyed twenty five buildings and a large amount of valuable merchandise. Both fires are supposed to have been the work of incendiaries. The following is a list of losses, as we could get them at the moment: Friedman & Co., about $6,000; Mitchell & Nunez, $8,000; Joseph & Co., building and stock, $5,000; Schwab & Schmidt, $15,000; Simmons, meat market, $1,000; J. & C. Levy & Co., $10,000; Wolf & Co., $2,000; Tuska & Feigl, $4,000; M. Goodman, $6,000.

FIRE AT SPANISH TOWN.—There was a serious fire at Spanish Town, or Yaclia, on the Calaveras River, on the 6th of September. About one hundred and fifty houses and tents were destroyed, with property estimated at $250,000. The fire originated in the American Hotel. The flames spread with such rapidity that the building and its contents were destroyed, while the fire was communicated to the adjoining buildings. Several established firms were burned out, and among them Lovelace & Williams, loss $15,000; Purcell, Johnson & Co., $25,000; Johnson, Ebert & Co., $30,000.

PROPOSED DIVISION OF THE STATE.—A most important step has been taken by the inhabitants of the Southern counties, desirous of dividing the State and forming a Territorial Government for that portion. Two addresses have been issued to secure concert of action, and a convention of delegates has been called to assemble in Santa Barbara, on the third Monday in October. Delegates have already been appointed to attend from Santa Clara, San Diego, and other counties. All the members of the Legislature recently elected from that portion of the State, are pledged to urge a division at the ensuing session.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—Crime has most sensibly diminished throughout the State, and no execution has taken place, either here or in the interior, since the sailing of the last steamer. The Indians in the Southern part of the State are quiet; those in the North, in Trinity and Klamath Counties, are becoming somewhat troublesome.

The gold-diggings continue to yield rich returns to the labors of the miners. The auriferous quartz veins are being extensively worked, and generally with great success. The amount shipped by the steamer Panama, which leaves to-day, $1,700,000, exhibits no falling off in the production of gold in our State. In the dry diggings, miners are only waiting for the rainy season, to take out large amounts of gold.

San Francisco has recovered from the two great conflagrations of May and June, and has been rebuilt in far better style than before. Numerous fire proof brick and stone buildings have been erected, and many others have been commenced. Altogether, the condition of affairs in our State is highly satisfactory.

THE PROSPECTS OF CALIFORNIA.—There is no doubt that the emigration to and from California is very nearly balanced at the present time. The facts that the emigration of the last year is small, that the returns for capital invested are comparatively light, that some uncertainty and alarm has pervaded the public mind, and that the general profits to all classes have been lessened, though unpleasant and unfortunate, are not of serious import, when it is recollected that the yield of gold during the present year has been from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than in the previous one, and that the agricultural and other resources of the country have been developed at least a thousand-fold. The excitement relative to California gold is now over. But California is still where she was, and just as rich in precious metal to-day as she was prior to the extraction of the three hundred millions which have been taken from her soil. The gold which has been carried away is as nothing—literally nothing—to that which remains; and the success of her miners, as a general thing, was never so great as on this very day. It is certain that more public attention has been attracted by the richness of the quartz discoveries, within the month, than by the prospects in the placers. We hear occasionally of fortunate "strikes," among the placers, by parties of emigrants in search of new Placer deposits, but we hear oftener of, and public interest is more elated by discoveries of quartz veins in different parts of the State.

The following mining article relates the prospects in the Southern parts as accurately and as fully, perhaps, as the present state of affairs in that region can be determined from the meagre reports in circulation. The mines are yielding, at the present time, unsteady returns to industrious labor; and the aggregate yield for the next three months will be greater than in any previous corresponding period. From Mokelumne Hill we have received the most cheering intelligence. The miners have discovered the ore in spots where they never before dreamed of looking for it; and it would appear from the account, that there is not an inch of ground in that region where the soil is not strongly impregnated with the precious metal. The accounts from the bags on the Tuolumne and the Mariposa mines, are quite as gratifying. Business is brisk, and rich mineral developments are daily made.

A San Francisco correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, says:—The competition among our river boats is now very great. Every afternoon three to four large steamers depart for Sacramento City and Stockton, loaded with freight and passengers. The past week the "West Point" and other boats carried passengers to Sacramento for fifty cents, and on Thursday night last, the steamers for Stockton carried passengers for fifty cents, and in one instance the opposition ran so high, that they paid passengers a bonus for their company, giving a free passage ticket, and a supper ticket gratis.

Two years ago the passage to Sacramento City was $50 in a steamer. One year ago it had fallen to $25, and for months past, the regular fare has averaged from $5 to $10; but recently one dollar is the fare on opposition days. The result of all this competition, with the present and prospective rise in coal, added to the other enormous expenses of running the steamers on this coast, must cause enormous losses to all engaged in steamboating.

Already there are at least a score of good steamboats laid up in our harbor for the want of business, to say nothing of the ruin to owners, who have long since "gone by the board."

Your readers would be astonished, could they but see the great and rapid improvements that are constantly going on in our city—the increasing number of first class brick and stone stores, banking-houses, &c., which are in process of erection at this moment. Scarcely a day passes, that arrangements are not made for some substantial improvements in the way of building.

Our streets are being replanked and graded, and on every side the ingenuity of man is brought into requisition for the permanent increase and prosperity of our city.

Our wharves are being carried out far into the Bay, and the number of passes by an oven one of our principal piers, (Long Wharf,) in the course of twenty-four hours, would throw Chestnut Street far into the shade; and as for night-seeing, the like cannot be found in any city on [illegible]

[illegible] for the purpose of buying presents, in the shape of Chinese shawls, &c., for their wives and daughters whom they expect to meet on their return home.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—The editor of the New York Tribune, who served as one of the Judges of the Great Industrial Exhibition in London, has published a notice of the prizes awarded, so far as they came within his knowledge.—These prizes were of two kinds, the Jury Medals awarded by the Juries to the several articles of merit exhibited in their several classes, and the Council Medals given by the Council of Presidents of the Juries. Of the latter there were to be in all but 168, which were to be distributed among the several nations, thus:—

To Great Britain	[illegible]	To France	[illegible]
To Germany	[illegible]	To United States	[illegible]
To Austria	[illegible]	To Russia	[illegible]
To Belgium	[illegible]	To Switzerland	[illegible]
To Prussia	[illegible]	To Holland	[illegible]
To Spain	1	To Rome	[illegible]

To Turkey, 1.

The following are the awards of the five, which were to be given to the United States:—

To C. H. McCormick, Chicago, Illinois, for his Virginia Reaper.

To David Dick, Meadville, Western Pennsylvania, for his Anti-Friction Press.

To Charles Goodyear, New Haven, Connecticut, for his India Rubber Fabrics.

To W. Bond & Son, Boston, Massachusetts, for an Electric Clock.

To Gail Borden, Texas, for his Meat Biscuit.

Of the Jury Medals, it is stated that about two thousand were to be awarded, of which one hundred probably would come to the United States. In the class of General Hardware, including locks and guns, the following were the Americans who received Jury Medals:—

To Day & Newell, New York, (represented by A. C. Hobbs,) for their Parautoptic Bank Lock.

To W. Adams & Co., Boston, for their Combination Bank Lock.

To McGregor & Lee, Cincinnati, for their Improved Bank Lock.

To G. A. Arrowsmith, New York, for Jennings's Percussion Lock.

To Charles Howland, New York, for his Improved Bell Telegraph.

To Cornelius & Co., Philadelphia, for a Bronze Chandelier.

To Silas C. Herring, New York, for his Salamander Safe.

To Chilson, Richardson & Co., Boston, for Furnaces and Stoves.

The above, it will be noticed, only includes the General Hardware medals.

FEMALE AGRICULTURISTS.—Mrs. Farnham.—A correspondent of the New Bedford Mercury writes as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, 31st July.

"About society in general, I cannot say much, because there is none besides the usual bachelor complement in hotels, taverns, bar-rooms, etc. These, however, are as plentiful and luxuriously provided for as bachelors desire them.

"In Santa Cruz, I called on Mrs. Farnham. I found her not at home, but met there a Miss Bruce, who received me kindly, and not only kindly, but familiarly, simply excusing Mrs. F. for being absent on a field, where she overlooked some work. After some conversation, where I struck a number of rich veins, of course without medically bleeding them, I discovered that she was a highly educated Scotch woman, and learned that she, with another lady, from Massachusetts, and an Irishman, were in partnership with Mrs. Farnham—something like a Fourierite association. Miss Bruce had the care of the garden, Mrs. ——, from Massachusetts, the housework, Mrs. Farnham of the fields, and the Irishman of the hard, coarse work. The farm is delightfully situated in the bosom of a green hill, covered with wood, close by a running stream, and a little mill with a prospect over the shore land of Santa Cruz, and a glimpse of the Bay of Monterey. The country there is beautiful, romantic and idealic at the same time. We were regaled by a glass of rich milk and some fruit, and being anxious to see Mrs. Farnham, Miss Bruce gave us the direction. We took to our mules, passed a shadowy, poetical path through thick wood, flower bushes, chesnuts, and some highly aromatic shrubs and evergreens, and soon saw a group of people, consisting of a ploughman, behind a heavy plough drawn by four oxen, led by a boy, and commanded by a lady, whip in hand. We were certain we were right, and dismounted, but could not help first looking into a book which we discovered near by, which proved to be Miguet's History of the Roman Republic. Soon we were in the presence of the group. Compliments were exchanged. Mrs. Farnham apologized for her dress, which consisted of a Massachusetts calico bonnet, with a short tunic and wide pantaloons of the same stuff, over high boots. She said she was not able to do anything in the long frock; when going up stairs or up hills she was obliged to keep it up with her hands, and going down stairs and down hill it troubled her, besides it killed so many little plants in the garden; so she had resolved to do away with it. Miss Bruce had adopted the same style."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—A Convention of Women was held, last week, at Worcester, Mass., to discuss the rights of women, and the way to obtain them. The platform adopted, claims perfect equality for women with man in every social, civil and political privilege—with the right to choose for herself, independent of all dictation from the sterner sex, what calling she will pursue for her support. Most of the speakers in their addresses came fully up to the spirit and letter of the resolutions, while one or two claimed only that woman should be free to educate herself for the duties and responsibilities which devolve upon her as the companion of man. One lady, Mrs. Nichols, of Vermont, said woman should be educated in order to be able to assist her husband in the business of life; so that if sickness overtake him, she may be able to step into his place and relieve him in the hour of his extremity from anxiety and care about his business affairs. She would have her qualified to teach her children how to act their parts in life. Furthermore, she contends for an alteration in the laws respecting property. The wife should have an equal right with the husband, and at his decease she should inherit it. Of women's political rights she had nothing to say. She did not, as did some others, contend that woman should be conductors on railroads, steamboat captains, &c., but would leave that for the other sex. This Convention was well attended, and at the closing meeting some eleven hundred ladies were present, and some fifty or sixty gentlemen. The ladies were all apparently of the middling class, and seemed very much interested in the remarks of the various speakers. The Bloomers were well represented among them.

FROM HAVANA.—GOV. LETCHER'S VISIT TO THE PRISONERS.—A correspondent of the Picayune, writing from Havana concerning the interview of Gov. Letcher and the Cuban prisoners, says:—

"The usual courtesies have been tendered by the Captain-General to Gov. Letcher, and the old gentleman has been allowed to visit the prisoners, both at the hospital and at the punta.—The "boys" were glad to see him, and the Governor expressed himself very cordially towards them, and has sent them tobacco and cigars to wile away their privations. There was one incident in their interview that the Governor said gave him much pleasure. He had seen Americans under all kinds of circumstances, and in some pretty tight squeezes, but had never seen any quite so bad off as these, and he was glad to see they were "game" to the last. When he was about to leave those at the punta, he said to them,—"Well, boys, we don't know how soon you are going to be shot, but, for my own satisfaction, and for the satisfaction of our country, I want to know how you are going through the operation!—if we are going to have any reason to be ashamed of you?" "Never!" shouted they, with one voice, "never, sir; if we are to die, we'll die like Americans." "Good," said the old Governor, "that's good for the country, but where's old Kentucky? How's she coming out?" "Here she is," said Capt. Johnson, stepping out, followed by two others; "here she is, and Kentucky shall never blush for any blot on her shield from us." "Good again!" said the Governor, slapping him on the shoulder; "good-bye, boys!" and took his leave.—He has visited them again to-day, and the prisoners will long remember his hearty farewell.

The Commodore has not been allowed to see them, but does every thing he can to alleviate their condition, and the officers of the squadron all take a kind interest in them."

AGRICULTURE IN OREGON.—A letter from Umpqua Valley, Oregon, published in the New York Courier, says the climate is so mild in that quarter of the globe, that sleeping out doors is no hardship. Even in Winter, the ground in the valleys never freezes, so that oats, potatoes and barley are sowed in the Fall. The wheat has the largest berry ever seen. Oats of a corresponding quality are raised five years in succession from one sowing, yielding at the rate of fifty bushels to the acre at each crop. Indian corn does not do so well, on account of the droughts in August and September; but potatoes, turnips, and other roots, in the moister locations, grow to a great size. No insects or worms trouble the crops of any kind. Apples produce abundantly; and plums, crab-apples, raspberries (a large, yellow variety,) whortleberries (a red species,) strawberries, and several other berries of fine flavor, not known at home, are very abundant. Government gives to every actual settler on public lands in Oregon, six hundred and forty acres in fee simple.

SUDDEN DEATH.—The Terre Haute (Ind.) Express says, that lately the infant son of a Mrs. Seebager, of that place, was taken ill. His mother, seeing him in such agony, was totally unnerved, and the neighbors coming in and seeing her very great confinement and distress, insisted that she should lie down on the bed—telling her that the little boy would be better. Mrs. S. accordingly lay down, and those present left the room a few moments, to attend to the boy, but when they came to her bedside afterwards, they found her a corpse! All the means resorted to failed to restore her to life, and the [illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.—Bigler (Dem.) is elected Governor by probably from eight to ten thousand majority. The Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner, is also elected. The vote in Philadelphia City and County, shows a majority for Johnston of 2,750—being a loss of about 2,500 votes since 1848.

The Legislature will stand as follows, at the next session:—Senate, 16 Democrats, 16 Whigs, 1 Native Whig. In the House, there will be 55 Democrats and 45 Whigs. In Philadelphia County, 6 Democrats and 9 Whigs and Natives, have been elected to the Legislature; the first time for many years, that the County Assembly ticket has been divided.

The Whigs and Natives have carried the Philadelphia County officers, with one exception (Coroner.) They also elected their six candidates for County Judges—two of them, however, (Sharswood and Stroud,) were also on the Democratic ticket. Judge Kelley (Dem.) taken up by the Whigs and Natives, for the Court of Common Pleas, was elected by 5,742 majority.

The Democratic State Judicial ticket (for Supreme Court,) is elected probably by a rather smaller majority than the Governor—with the exception of Judge Campbell, of this city, who runs behind his ticket in many places. In Philadelphia City and County he runs behind the most lowest on the Democratic ticket, about 5,000 votes. The Whig ticket for Supreme Court runs ahead of Johnston (Whig,) in this City and County, from 1,000 to 1,500 votes. Judge Coulter (Whig,) has 2,000 votes more than Johnston—and a majority over Judge Campbell of 9,747 votes. In 31 counties, Campbell runs behind Coulter over 12,000 votes. In the same counties, Bigler has 368 majority. Coulter is doubtless elected.

OHIO.—We have sufficient returns from the late election in Ohio, to show that the Democrats have elected their Governor and a large majority of the Legislature. The Democratic candidate for Governor, it is thought, will have from fifteen to twenty thousand majority.

A DENIAL.—The Republic denies the statement which has been published in the newspapers, to the effect that the President had instructed the proper officers to arrest the perpetrators of the Christiana and Syracuse outrages on the charge of high treason! The Republic says the President's instructions did not undertake to define the legal nature of the offence committed.

VERMONT.—The message of the Governor of Vermont doubts the Constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law, and upholds the Constitutionality of the late habeas corpus act of that State, advocates a Protective Tariff, and adds that, if disappointed, Vermont will undoubtedly seek redress in the Union, not out of it. He commends the President for executing the law, and adds that differences of opinion upon delicate Constitutional questions, when "honestly entertained, do not warrant a withdrawal of confidence from public men."

The Whig State Convention of this State recently met and appointed Delegates to the National Convention—resolving that the Delegates selected to represent Vermont in the National Convention, will most acceptably discharge their responsible duty by faithfully endeavoring to secure the election of the candidates who can best command the confidence and favor of the Whigs of the whole country.

LETTER FROM HENRY CLAY.—Mr. Clay has written a very able letter to the Whigs of New York, in support of the late adjustment measures, (Fugitive Slave Law inclusive) and against the Secession doctrines. It is too long, and rather too political in its character, for our columns.

GEORGIA.—Howell Cobb's majority for Governor is about 18,000.

GENERAL CASS.—General Cass has written a letter to Senator Clemens, of Alabama, in which he says of public sentiment at the North:—"There is a better feeling at the North, and though fanaticism will talk and write, still there is just as little probability of our interfering with your slaves, as there is of your interfering with our houses and lands."

SPECIAL MINISTER TO SPAIN.—There is much interest manifested in diplomatic circles at Washington relative to the expected arrival of a Special Minister from Spain, to demand satisfaction of the United States Government, for the loss to Spain and Cuba, from the late Invasion of Cuba.

NEW MEXICO.—Mr. Aubrey reports that Maj. Weightman has been elected Delegate to Congress, from New Mexico, by five hundred majority.

RESIGNED.—Judge Sharkey has resigned his seat on the Bench of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, to take effect from the 12th of January next. He will, it is said, be a Whig candidate for the United States Senate from Mississippi. He was the President of the Nashville Convention.

HAVANA CONSULSHIP.—It is announced that Charles C. Langdon, Esq., of Mobile, has been appointed United States Consul at Havana, vice Owen, removed. He is the editor of the Mobile Daily Advertiser, and was defeated at the late election for Congress.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Telegraph states that the Co-operationists have carried the State. In about two-thirds of the State, they have a majority of 7,129. Rhett and Duncan are, it is said, the only Secessionists elected, and that by a very close vote. The Charleston Mercury deplores this result, and says: "We profoundly regret the result, being convinced that Secession would be as simple and peaceful a measure as any ordinary act of legislation, and that South Carolina, as an independent State, would have prosperity far beyond any thing heretofore enjoyed, and a respectability that no slave-holding State can hope to attain in the Union."

THE SYRACUSE RIOT.—Six persons were arrested as parties to the late forcible rescue of a fugitive slave at Syracuse, and examined before Judge Conklin at Auburn. The Judge required them to give bail for their appearance at the next term of the Court at Buffalo, which meets on the 2nd Tuesday of November. He classes their offences as misdemeanor, and not treason.

CALIFORNIA.—It is still doubtful whether the Whig or Democratic candidate for Governor is elected. The rest of the State Democratic ticket (with one exception) is undoubtedly elected.—See California news.

CONDITION OF EUROPE.—Mr. Walsh, long a resident of Paris, in a letter to the Journal of Commerce, written on the 16th September, says:—

"That great events are just before us is certain. That crisis of which I have often spoken to you is drawing very near. Between the 16th day of September and the middle or end of next May the destinies of Europe for probably half a century—which in these days is a very long time—will be decided. A fierce struggle—it may be a most desperate and bloody struggle—between liberty, civil and religious, on the one hand, and hoary despotism in politics and religion on the other. What will be the issue, God alone knows!

"I find that there is a wonderful activity here in the political world. The foreign ambassadors, especially those of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, have frequent conferences, and are constantly sending and receiving despatches.—Nor are the Ministers resident of the smaller Powers, such as Sardinia, Naples, Spain, the States of the Church, Belgium and Holland idle. Those of England and the United States are wide awake, and the former has not a little to do to look after those Continental States, and the movements of their rulers."

THE LARGEST PILE OF SPECIE IN THE WORLD.—According to a recent return of the Bank of France, the specie on hand amounted to 607 millions of francs, or about 115 millions of dollars. This we believe is the largest amount of specie ever collected together. The Bank of England has not had, at any time, over 100 millions.

In France, the legal currency is silver, and not gold—hence it is probable that nearly all this specie is silver—and hence the recent diminution of silver in this country.

The enormous accumulation of silver in the Bank of France is regarded as an unfavorable symptom of her trade—for the discounts and circulation of the Bank have diminished. Hence trade is stagnant. It is probable that the fear of political convulsion at the next Presidential election operates powerfully on the bank and on merchants to restrain them from an expansion of credit.

PETRIFIED MAN.—On Saturday last, while the hands of Mr. Oliver were digging coal at his mine a few miles above Morris, on the bank of the canal, they exhumed the body of a man, in a perfect state of petrifaction. From the corduroy cloth in which the legs are encased, the cords and seams of which are perfectly defined, it is supposed to be the body of one of the Irish laborers engaged in the construction of the canal. The limbs are nearly perfect, and are completely transformed into stone. Portions of the body are in possession of Dr. Hand, and may be seen at the office of the Yeoman.—Morris (Ill.) Yeoman.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—The operations of this law, in some of its bearings, are decidedly against some of the old usages. The city of Portland is now suffering in consequence of the operation of the law, being driven to the necessity of hiring workmen to perform the duties which have heretofore been done by the inmates of the Alms-House without pay. If the law continues, it is questionable whether Alms-House establishments will be worth sustaining. It is said that their patronage is dwindled one half already! This onslaught on pauperism, disease, and crime, is a curious thing to think of!

CUBAN ANNEXATION.—A Cuban paper, the Diario de la Marina, contains a long article from an inhabitant of Trinidad, showing the evils which would result from annexation to the United States. The writer says:

"Between the character of two people so distinct there is an absolute disparity in every phase of social life. Among the North Americans there reigns a cold and dry egotism, among us, Castilian frankness and generosity. [illegible]

"What advantage could annexation bring to this people? What future does it offer to the Cubans? For them there would be a new field of discord, and a new ally in the difficulties which divide them; for us there would be annihilation—the destruction of our race."

A BRAVE BOAST.—Among the musical novelties of the day, the Buffalo Com. Advertiser announces that the public are soon to be astonished by the debut of a young lady of Auburn extraction, by the name of Eliza Greenfield. All the customary words—"purity, flexibility, compass, power, volume, artistic finish, brilliancy, sweetness"—are applied to her voice.

Local News.

WALKER'S PATENT BRICK MACHINE.—One of the most excellent and simple labor-saving machines has recently been put up at the brick-yard of Messrs. Wilsey & Condon, on Front Street, near the Reading Railroad, Kensington, and has already, in a practical test, made a few days ago, in the presence of a number of scientific men and operative mechanics, given evidence of its great superiority and advantages over other machines intended for a similar purpose. It is, perhaps, one of the simplest contrivances that invention has yet produced for making bricks by steam, its working parts consisting merely of a large, massive, iron wheel, with sixty moulds upon its periphery or rim, connected with another iron wheel, with a smooth rim, for pressing the clay into the moulds, and a hopper to feed the apparatus with material as it revolves. This will be readily understood by mechanics, and is so obviously practical as to forbid any doubt of its usefulness. The wheels revolve towards each other, and at their point of contact, the smooth one presses the clay into the moulds of the other, with an immense power, as well as at exact motion, producing smooth, hard, compact bricks which are given out from the moulds, when they reach the lowest point of the wheel, and are carried away, by an endless leather band, to the hands who remove and place them in the sheds for drying.

At the full speed of the engine, the mould wheel will make three revolutions in a minute, which gives a total of (60x3x60—10,800) ten thousand eight hundred bricks an hour; but, as this has been found inconvenient, from the fact that it is almost impossible for the hands to remove the bricks as fast as they are produced, about half the speed is considered more desirable and efficient. One remarkable and important advantage of this machine, is, that it does not require tempered clay for its operation, but will produce clean, compact, and well pressed bricks from the clay just as it comes from the banks or pits, the natural moisture of the earth, under the great pressure of the machine, being quite sufficient to make the mass adhere closely and well. There can be no doubt that its introduction into general use, will make a great and beneficial change in the business of brick-making, as the planing machines have improved the business of house-carpenters. It was thought, at one time, that the latter would seriously and injuriously effect the wages of journeymen carpenters, but experience has proved the reverse to be true. The wages of carpenters are better now than when these and mortising machines were brought into use, and, what is more, a journeyman carpenter will not now prepare floor boards on any terms, if he can avoid it. So it will be, in all probability, with the brick machine. By cheapening the price of bricks, it will encourage the building of houses, and thus give ample employment, at the present, or better wages, to all who may be engaged in the business. It will also help the "landless," by enabling them to procure homes at cheaper rates than they now can get them for. The machine was invented by Mr. J. A. Z. Wagner, of this city, and patented by him in April last. When he first exhibited it here, he met with the usual fate of inventors, discouragement and ridicule. Mr. M. G. Condon, of the firm above-named, fortunately cast a more favorable eye upon it, and, discovering its merits, determined to give it a practical trial. This he did a few days ago, with the result we have already stated.

MEDICAL SCHOOLS.—As this is the time for the commencement of the several medical colleges in this city, an unusual number of strange young men are now in our midst. From the increase of institutions and the happy auspices under which the session of 1851–52 has begun, there seems to be abundant evidence to warrant the statement that this Winter a larger number of students will attend the medical schools than at any former period. There are now in very successful operation the University of Pennsylvania, the Jefferson, the Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia, the Homœopathic, the Eclectic, and the Female Medical College.

Connected with each of the above institutions are professors well skilled in every department of medical science and surgery, and with either of them the student of medicine will find ample means whereby to store his mind and prepare himself for his arduous and responsible profession. The colleges of Philadelphia are conducted in such a manner as to win the confidence of the learned in every State of the Union.

TROTTING MATCH.—There was a contest last week over the Hunting Park Course for a purse of $300, mile heats, best three in five, under the saddle, between Mac, the celebrated champion of the turf, and Gray Stranger, from New York, which was won easily by Mac, in three straight heats. In the second heat Mac went to the first quarter in 34 seconds, and to the half-mile in 1.11¼, winning the heat in 2.29. The first heat was 2.35½, and the last 2.38.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 144—adults 61, and children 83.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,400 head. Beeves are selling from $5.50 to 7.00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 500 head in market, and sold from $6.00 to 6¼ per 100 lbs. Cows—About 180 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $15 to 35. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4; the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 20.

ASHES—We notice sales of 75 bbls. at $4,87½ for Pots and $4.37½ for pearls.

COTTON—The market is steady, with sales of 500 bales.

FLOUR, &c.—In Western and State Flour there is less doing to-day, but the market is without material change. Sales of 8,000 bbls. at $3.75 for State and $3,81a4 for Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. Southern Flour is quiet. Sales of 500 bbls. at $4,12½a4.25. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet.

GRAIN—For Wheat there is a fair export demand, and prices are a shade easier; sales of 16,500 bushels Genesee at 90a93; prime Canadian at 85; 5000 Michigan on private terms, and 600 Red Southern at 76. Rye is doing better, with sales of 7,000 bushels at 70a71c. Barley is dull. Corn is less active, but prices are unchanged; sales of 17,000 bushels at 55a56½ for mixed Western. Oats 38a39c, with moderate sales.

PROVISIONS—New Prime Pork is better, other kinds are without change. Sales of 300 bbls. at $15,12½a15,25, and $13,62½a13,75 for New Mess and Prime. Beef is steady. Sales of 200 bbls. Lard is rather lower, sales of 250 bbls. at 8½a9½c. Butter and Cheese are dull.

WHISKEY—Sales of 450 bbls. were made at 20½a21c. for Ohio, and 21½ for Prison, and 21c. time for Drudge.

FREIGHTS are better; 5,000 bushels Wheat were taken for Liverpool at 3½d., and 3,000 bbls. flour on private terms.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 36 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, October 25, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	15 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'ty	no sale
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	par
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	1½a1¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, Mt. Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
State bk New Bruns	1 dis
Newark	1 dis
Morris county	1 dis
Middletown Point	1 dis
Orange	1 dis
Belvidere	1 dis
Rahway	1 dis
Dover	1 dis
Perth Amboy	failed
Peoples, Paterson,	failed
Farmers and Mech. bk, N. Bruns.	2 dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Vard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Del City bk undated	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	½ dis
Cecil bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a ¼ dis
Solv. country banks	¼ a ½ dis
James bank	30 dis
Farmers, Mina	30 dis
Western, White Creek	20 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis

VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Pawtucket bk	failed
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	3 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Valley branches	1½ dis
Far bk & branches	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch	1½ dis
Ex bk & branches	1½ dis
Wheeling	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	3½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So West R R	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Ga	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Ruckersville bk	10 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	3 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent bks	3 dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	20 dis
Bk Norwalk	25 dis
Com bk of Scioto	10 dis
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	50 dis
State bank	75 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks	2 dis
Bk East Tenn.	10 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bk of St. Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	2 dis
Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners bank	—

EXTRAORDINARY [illegible]—A letter from Paris, in the Boston Atlas, says:—[illegible] you have a plentiful of ripe cherries.

In a French work on the uncertainty of the signs of death, and modes of burial, a fact is brought forward of a man, now alive, who has been buried twice.

A DETERMINATION OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD, as it is called, can be accounted for upon no other principle than from the presence of corrupt and stagnant humors in the general circulation, which prevent the return of the vital fluid to the heart. When the passages are choked up and it becomes, as it were, pressure in the head, there is a distension of every [illegible] of the blood-vessels, a pressure upon the brain, headache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, apoplexy, and other dreaded results.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are certain to prevent the above unpleasant complaints, because they expel from the circulation those humors which are the cause of all disordered motions of the blood. They also aid and improve digestion, and therefore will most assuredly give health and vigor to the body.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1851.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
25 Saturday	6 41	5 19	2 55	
26 Sunday	6 43	5 17	3 48	
27 Monday	6 44	5 16	4 44	D. H. M.
28 Tuesday	6 45	5 15	5 39	First 1 9 39
29 Wed'sday	6 46	5 14	6 36	Full 10 1 44
30 Thursday	6 47	5 13	7 32	Last 17 7 55
31 Friday	6 48	5 12	8 16	New 24 10 25
1 Saturday	6 50	5 10	9 0	First 31 3 39

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Oct. 12,	60	70	71
13,	70	73	74
14,	56	63	70
15,	58	60	61
16,	49	55	56
17,	47	57	60
18,	56	54	66

Marriages.

On the 15th inst by Friends' Ceremony, REUBEN LUKENS, Jr. of the Northern Liberties, to EMILY, daughter of Wm. H. Ellis, of Spring Garden.

On the 9th instant, at Friends' Meeting, Flushing, Long Island, T. ELLWOOD ROBERTS, of Philadelphia, to SARAH KIMBER, daughter of Joshua Kimber.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. W. H. Beande, Mr. JOHN EDWARD SIDDALL, of Philadelphia, to ANNA, daughter of Mr. Joseph Hampton, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 16th Sept. by the Rev. P. Doll, Mr. JOHN CROSTICK, to Miss JANE POULSON, all of Chesterfield, Va.

On the 25th Sept. by J. W. Nolley, Mr. A. BAGBY, to Miss HARRIET DOSWAY, all of Henrico county, Va.

On the 4th Oct. by the Rev. John A. Cash, Mr. NEWTON SANDS, to Miss BAGBY, all of Powhatan co., Va.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. ABRAHAM LESON, to Miss EMELINE C. BRATTON.

On the 13th inst. at New York, by the Rev. Mr. COWAN, MICHAEL J. NAGDY, to Miss MARY A. EDWORTH, all of the above city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. C. W. Shields, at White Hall, Market Street, Mr. GEORGE MARCH, to Miss MARGARET TEMPLETON, both of Chester county, Pa.

In this city, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. John Chambers, ISAAC N. SCHERER, Esq. to Miss AMELIA SLOAT, both of New York City.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. G. A. Duborrow, Mr. JAMES CULBERTSON, to Miss ADELIA E. HEYL, all of Spring Garden.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. WILLIAM SHELLHEART, to Miss HENRIETTA C. DEASCHNER, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Jos. McCool, Mr. H. A. ARCHTERNACHT, of Pottsville, to Miss MARY JANE, daughter of Theo Millard, Esq. of Reading.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. JOHN CARSON, to Miss MARTHA M. HAYES, both of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. SAMUEL WHARLEY, to Miss CHRISTIANA WHITEWOOD, all of Philadelphia.

On the 13th inst. by the same, Mr. GEORGE KEILLER, to Miss ELIZABETH WOLF, all of Philadelphia.

On the 13th inst. by the same, Mr. HENRY L. McMAHON, to Miss RACHEL BURN, all of Philadelphia.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Rector of St. Philip's Church, HOWARD N. POTTS, Esq. to Miss MARY A. SOMERS, all of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS WATSON, to Miss MARY L. HARBACH, both of this city.

Deaths.

On the 14th inst. HENRY McMENOMY, aged 62.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH L. wife of the [illegible] Frazer, aged 52 years.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. ELEANOR WILLCOCK, aged 61.

On the 13th inst. CATHARINE McCRYSTAL, aged 14 months.

On the 14th instant, Miss REBECCA FRANKENBURY, aged 60 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. MARGARET REED, aged 31.

On the 14th inst. Mr. JAMES CORNWELL, aged 71.

On the 15th inst. SALLIE, daughter of Jacob B. and Rachel Mifflin, aged 16 months.

On the 13th inst. HUGH CAVENAUGH, aged 76.

On the 13th instant, MARY BACON, wife of Griffith Jones.

On the 14th inst. WILLIAM HENRY, son of Henry and Susan Jacoby, aged 4 years.

In New York City, on the 16th inst. HARVEY H. AUSTIN, of Philada. aged 24 years.

At Easton, Pa. on the 13th inst. ELLA ELIZABETH, daughter of Robt. G. and Clarissa Pyle, aged 2 mos.

On the 13th inst. ALEX. D. PRICHARD, aged 33.

On the 13th inst. EDWARD SANTAIN, aged 3 years.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. ANN MASON, aged 81.

On the 14th inst. WILLIAM J. FALES, son of Wm. M. and Mary A. Wallington, aged 4 years.

On the 14th Sept. near Paris, Mrs. EMILY M. wife of Henry Bohlen, and daughter of the late J. J. Borie, of this city.

On the 14th inst. ALEXANDER, son of Robt. J. and Ellen Hill, aged 1 year.

On the 14th inst. CORNELIUS McFILLIN, aged 17 months.

On the 13th inst. CHARLES EDWARD, son of Robert and Margaret Sloan, aged 1 year.

On the 13th instant, JAMES, son of Alex. and Jane Scott, aged 7 years.

On the 13th inst. HENRY RUDOLPH, aged 53.

On the 13th inst. ELIZA JANE, wife of Hiram K. Delp, aged 27 years.

On the 13th inst. Mr. GEORGE WILL, Sr. aged 67.

On the 14th inst. ANN, daughter of Michael and Mary A. Hagan, aged 2 years.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH SUMMERS, aged 56 years.

On the 14th inst. WILLIAM L. BARRY, aged 2 years.

On the 5th inst. WILLIAM, son of Jos. and Margaret Romentor, aged 5 years.

On the 4th inst. Mr. JAMES VANHOLT, aged 33.

On the 4th inst. GEORGE KENDALL, aged 33.

On the 29th ult. Capt. RICHARD THOMPSON, aged 69 years.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. MARY JACKSON, aged 56.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, on Thursday, 19th ultimo, Miss JOSEPHINE, daughter of Joseph and Eliza Thomas, aged 23 years.

Day by day some leaf falls withered from the stem of hope, some cherished tie has been dissolved by the icy breath of the pale messenger, who heralds our passage to the Spirit World.

Unmindful of worldly distinctions, death enters alike the palace of the lofty, and the cottage of the humble, and passing age and infirmity abides with the young, the beautiful, and the happy,—he breathes upon the strongest, holiest ties of our nature, and they are dissolved, and the voice of friendship and love is hushed forever.

In the morning of life, and the bloom of health, while looking through youth's brilliant perspective, her heart was saddened—disease had entered,—and strewed with cypress—the path to the Altar of her hopes was still decked with the garlands of affection, and breathed upon the flower of love, and withered it in the flushing of its bloom.

The pensive brow and hectic flush, like that which Autumn paints upon the perished leaf, soon marked the progress of decay; which the tender solicitude, and sleepless eye of maternal watchfulness, nor the tearful devotion of fond and affectionate sisters could stay.

And while the eye of love and friendship looks from the shadow of its mournful gloom upon the fleeting joys of this transitory existence, memory will engrave with a tear upon the hearts of those who survive her, all the amiable qualities which were blended to adorn her life.

Supported by Omnipotence, her marble brow fanned by the wing of the Angel of Peace, with a pure and unsullied, a gentle and benevolent heart, whose generous impulses imparted a charm to her society while living, and has left imperishable traces in the memories and affections of her friends, she passed in all her brightness, purity, and truth, from earth to glory and immortality.

"Where her virtuous mind embalmed in truth,
Shall bloom in everlasting youth,
While time himself endures."

J. K. N.

DEATHS IN CALIFORNIA.

Reported for the Courier, by Nathaniel Gray, City Sexton, Sacramento, near Dupont Street. Mrs. Sarah Blackman, Saxony, 36; Chas. Long, Jr. San Francisco, 1 month; Mrs. Sarah Land, New Zealand, 32; Isaac Landever, Switzerland, 30; Mrs. Elizabeth Gerish, New York city, 30; Ah Ning, China, 60; F. B. Jansen, Germany, 33; Franklin Brown, Illinois 34; Joseph Metty, 30; Wm. Smith, N. York, 37; Sadrack Lawrence, Mass. 30; Chum Wo, China, 30; Mr. Kerner; F. Phillips, San Francisco, 2 mos; A Chinaman, China; Geo. Britton, London, 55; W. Jones, New York, 36; Reuben Ryndern, New York, 45; Mrs. Bridget L. Gill, Sydney, 28; Ho Fo Chu, China, 40; John A. Morrell, Mass. 25; Chas. Wilson, New York, 25; John Archibald, England, 29; John P. Hazzard, New Jersey, 28; Jos. Finney, England, [illegible]; John Noel, Tennessee, 27.

In Nevada City, August [illegible], after a few days sickness, Mrs. Malinda Loveland, wife of Rufus Butterfield, aged 23 years, formerly a resident of New Jersey.

At the Nevada Hotel, in Nevada City, on Friday morning, Aug. 29, at 5½ o'clock, of erysipelas, Mrs. Caroline Van Sickle, aged 30 years.

At Rough and Ready, on the 30th Aug. of typhoid fever, Mr. Albion B Dole, formerly of Bangor, Me. aged 25 years.

In Honolulu, July 12, of consumption, Robert S. Hughes, from Fayette, Missouri.

On Board bark Edward Cohen, Sept. 6, John Lewis, native of Pena, Sweden, aged 27.

At Kealakua, Kona, Hawaii, July 23, Mr. Francis Johnson, aged 79. The deceased was a native of Richmond, Va., and for 37 years had been a resident of the island.

SCORES' [illegible]—The old theory of an open sea at the North Pole, into which vessels may be carried, has been revived by a writer in the Montreal Herald, who says:

"I do not know how it will strike you, sir, but to me, with whom the idea of [illegible] at the Pole has been familiar for some thirty years, the information communicated by Capt. Penny is exceedingly curious. Perhaps, after all, Sir John Franklin had found the opening! If there be such an opening, it is quite probable that the strength of the current into the opening may prevent return in sailing vessels; it would not, however, be an obstacle to the return of steamers. How important, then, it becomes that Capt. Penny's present efforts to obtain a steamer and return to the "open water" and the "improved climate," may be successful."

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Mr. G. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by J. T. Dent, W. Ramsey, Dr. J. Wadsworth, R. E. Green, Alex. R. Laws, James Rutherford, Dr. Lot Edwards, Thomas Frankland, and C. M. L. Wiseman. Each of the above persons have a certificate of the Mayor of Cincinnati, with seal of the city, describing their persons, so there will be no risk in paying them, and we hope all on whom they may call, will make it convenient to settle with them.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee, assisted by D. R. Goodwin, James O. Lewis and Samuel D. Lewis.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Judkins, P. Locke, Jos. Button, Geo. P. Button, and Thos. D. Nice.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

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Newspapers throughout the United States, copying the above advertisement, and giving it one or more insertions, shall receive (prepaid) a copy of our "VIEW OF NEW YORK IN 1852." Publishers will please direct their papers to "Sears' Family Visitor," N. Y. oct25-3m

OUR THREE JOURNALS.—The American Phrenological Journal—The Water Cure Journal—and The Student, are published monthly, each at ONE DOLLAR a-year, in advance, by FOWLERS & WELLS, New York.

The Phrenological Journal is devoted to the Moral and Intellectual development of Man. Phrenology, Psychology, Magnetism, Physiognomy, and all that relates to mind and Human Improvement may be found in this publication.

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TO TAKE THE LEAD

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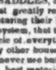

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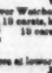

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CHOREA—ST. VITUS' OR ST. ANTHONY'S DANCE. A large number of well authenticated and hopeless cases of this disease have been cured by the use of this valuable Alterative.

COMPLICATED AND MIXED DISEASES. Cases frequently occur in which the patient appears to be laboring under several diseases at once and the same time, causing much anxiety and embarrassment in the treatment. This Alterative has frequently been used in such cases with very beneficial results.

DISEASES OF THE HEART. This ALTERATIVE used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, has proved of immense value in many affections of the HEART, as Enlargement, (and Aneurism) Dropsy of the Pericardium, or sack, which surrounds the heart, Ossification of the Auricles or Ventricles of the Heart or of the Valves of the Aorta, or large Arteries, Metastasis, or translation of Neuralgia, Gout, or Rheumatism to the heart, &c. It causes the bony substance or water deposited in and about the heart to be absorbed and carried away, reducing the heart to its natural and healthy condition.

DROPSICAL SWELLINGS. This medicine is considered by many physicians who have used it as a SPECIFIC in DROPSY. It increases the power of Digestion, excites the absorbents into healthy exercise, by which the WATERY OR CALCAREOUS DEPOSITIONS and all unnatural enlargements are reduced. It imparts tone and vitality to the whole system, removing sick and morbid headaches, giddiness, wandering pains, and nervous affections.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT. It has been used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, in numerous cases of LIVER COMPLAINT and DYSPEPSIA, and with the happiest effect.

ENLARGEMENTS OF THE BONES, JOINTS, RHEUMATISM, &c. Frequently, after attacks of Gout, Neuralgia, Rickets, &c., the Bones, Ligaments, and Joints become more or less enlarged. In these affections, the ALTERATIVE has repeatedly been successful after all other means had failed. See Catalogue of Diseases in Medical Almanac.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE ABDOMEN. A lady from Pittsburg was put under my care and treatment for an Enlargement of the Abdomen, which had been constantly increasing for upwards of two years. The enlargement was so great that when she was in a sitting position, the abdomen came beyond and rested upon her knees. In her case the bowels were regulated by the SANATIVE PILLS—the ALTERATIVE constantly given all the time, three times a day, and towards the last she drank daily from a half to three half-pints of an infusion of Uvi Ursi leaves. This treatment restored her to perfect health in about five months.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE OVARIES. A lady of Chester county, Pa., who had long been severely afflicted with an immense Enlargement of the Ovaries, which appeared to fill the entire cavity of the Abdomen, was entirely cured by using the ALTERATIVE, according to the directions, for between five and six months.

EPILEPTIC FITS. By a persevering use of this ALTERATIVE, a large majority of cases of this dreadful disease have been cured.

FUNGUS HÆMATODES. Several cases of this horrible disease have been cured by the use of this ALTERATIVE. See the case of John Lukens in the Medical Almanac.

GOUT.—A number of cases of GOUT have been cured by this preparation.

ULCERS of all kind, whether they be SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS, SCORBUTIC, or accidental, or whether of the flesh, skin, mucous membranes or bones, yield to the penetrating and healing influences of this ALTERATIVE.

MANIA FROM MELANCHOLY May arise from many causes, but none more frequently than from diseases of the Uterus, the Liver, or of the Digestive Organs. The ALTERATIVE is an invaluable remedy in such cases.

ERYSIPELAS, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, OR ROSE. Innumerable certificates have been received of its curing the most inveterate and malignant cases of both Acute and Chronic Erysipelas.

MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS Are removed by this preparation, after all other remedies have failed in giving the smallest relief.

MILK, OR WHITE LEG. This disease is described by writers under the name of "Phlegmasia Dolens." It is an exceedingly painful inflammation and swelling of one or more of the lower extremities, attended with more or less fever, to attacks of which ladies are liable immediately after their confinement, and, if not subdued at the onset, is apt to render them cripples for life. This ALTERATIVE has never failed in a single instance to subdue this painful affection.

MUCOUS MEMBRANE, INFLAMMATION OF. Chronic inflammation of the Mucous Membrane is of frequent occurrence, and is generally very tedious in its cure. It attacks the lining of the nose, ears, throat, windpipe, and other mucous surfaces, and is generally attended with a discharge, more or less offensive. For this disease the ALTERATIVE is the only remedy on which any reliance can be placed.

NEURALGIA OR TIC DOLOREUX. It has been used in many cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloreux, and always with success.

RHEUMATISM. This preparation has been prescribed in a great many cases of Chronic Rheumatism, and in every case where it was used until the system became affected by the medicine, the disease was removed. Indeed, it seldom fails of completely subduing this disease.

SCALD HEAD. (TINEA CAPITAS.) When used in conjunction with the external application of the HAIR TONIC, this ALTERATIVE is a never failing remedy for SCALD HEAD. See MEDICAL ALMANAC for proofs.

SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, &c. Scrofula in all its multiplied forms, whether in that of King's Evil, Enlargement of the Glands, or Bones, Goitre, WHITE SWELLINGS, Chronic Rheumatism, Cancer, Diseases of the Skin, or Spine, or of Pulmonary Consumption, emanates from one and the same cause, which is a poisonous principle, or virus, inherent in the human system. Therefore, unless this principle be destroyed, no radical cure can be effected; but if the principle upon which the disease depends is removed, a cure must of necessity follow, no matter under what form the disease should manifest itself. This ALTERATIVE is almost always successful in removing these diseases, because which, it destroys the virus, or poisonous principle from which these diseases have their origin, by entering into the circulation, and with the blood is conveyed to the minutest fibres; removing every particle of disease from the system.

SKIN DISEASES. It has been prescribed in a great variety of Cutaneous Affections, and found successful in curing Salt Rheum, Tetter, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Morphew and Jaundiced Skin, &c. Also in Diseases and Discharges from the Lining Membrane of the Throat, Nose, and Ears, and from the Kidneys and Urinary Passages, Leucorrhœa, &c.

ULCERATION OF THE BONES. This ALTERATIVE has far surpassed the expectations of the most ardent and sanguine, in its healing influence over ulcers of all kinds, particularly in ulcerations and exfoliation of the bones, &c. Of an immense number who have been cured, one only will be mentioned. It is the case of a young lady in New Jersey, who suffered many years with Scrofula of the Hip Joint, until at length it ulcerated through the bones into the bowels, so that their contents were frequently discharged through the openings formed by the disease, and after she had lain in a most deplorable and helpless condition for nearly two years, her father procured the ALTERATIVE, and gave her between 5 and 6 dozen of it, which restored her to health. See also cases of Mrs. Lotts and Mrs. Rees.

WEAKNESS OF THE EYES. In cases of weakness of the eyes, from want of power in the Optic Nerves, this ALTERATIVE has been found of immense value, as indeed it is in all cases of Nervous Debility. A lady of this city, by the name of Swayne, says that she had long suffered of weakness of the eyes, so much so as to compel her to confine herself for a whole year to a dark room, and afterwards her eyes remained so weak that she was obliged to shade them by wearing green or blue spectacles. She had been in this condition for a long time, when she was induced to use the ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, which not only cured her, but also strengthened her eyes, so that she was afterwards able to sew black satin, or broadcloth, by candle-light, without the aid of glasses.

FEMALE DISEASES. In many affections peculiar to females, especially when arriving at maturity, or in the "decline or change of life," this ALTERATIVE is unsurpassed by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis, or retention, irregularity, painfulness, or suppression of customary evacuations; Ulcerated Scirrhous state of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa, or Whites, Sterility, whether in consequence of local or general disease, or of local or general debility. In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the patient have been prostrated by disease, seduction, dissipation, or other excesses.

In fact, in every case where the medicine has been taken for some time, no matter for what purpose, the general health of the patient has always been improved by it.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 84 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, where may be had JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH, together with all his other "Family Medicines."

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.

The subscriber would beg leave to call the attention of the public to a large and fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., just received at the old stand, No. 10 North Sixth Street, which he will sell at prices to compete with any establishment in the United States.

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Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, $25 and upwards.
Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, do. do. $20 and upwards.
Silver Lever Watches, $12 and upwards.
Silver Lepine Watches, $9 and upwards.
And others at lower prices than the above.

JEWELRY.

Gold Chains of every pattern and price, Medalions, double and single Glasses suitable for miniatures and Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Breast Pins, Ear and Finger Rings of every description and price.
Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver cases, Gold and Silver Pencils, &c.
Also, Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, Butter Knives, &c., equal to coin, and German Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, &c., &c., all at the lowest price.
Orders from the country, accompanied with the money, promptly attended to.

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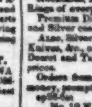

On hand a large assortment and constantly receiving a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware at No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia, at the following low prices:

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case, $28.00 and over.
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Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, $12.00 and over.
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, $9.00 and over.
Silver Quartier Watches, from $4.50 to 9.00 and over.
Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with silver case, $1.00 and over.
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, per set, $5.00 and over.
" Desert Spoons, do. do. $10.00 and over.
" Table Spoons, do. do. $15.00 and over.
Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.

mar1-1y STAUFFER & HARLEY,
Successors to O. Conrad,
No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.

MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—We feel prompted by every principle of humanity, to make known to the world, the WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATION. Thousands have been relieved of a great amount of suffering, and many lives saved by the use of it. It is acknowledged by the best judges of medicine, to be the most elegant, scientific and salutary preparation now in use, and as a

DEPURATIVE REMEDY

seldom if ever equalled. It stands unrivalled for the cure of Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Scrofula, and all the various diseases arising from an

IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.

ALSO ALL

BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,

and is used with unprecedented success in all cases of FEMALE WEAKNESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY, Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system, and also for the cure of the

LIVER COMPLAINT, CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, COUGHS, ETC.

Those affected with Chronic Diseases of whatever form, will find this medicine not only pleasant to the taste, but a certain cure, if it be within the power of remedial agents to affect their disease.

It is compound of medicines so happily combined, as to tend directly to give tone to the stomach and bowels, excite to healthy action the Liver and the whole Glandular System, allay Nervous Irritability, and promote the free action of the Lungs, thus rendering it applicable to all diseases of a

CHRONIC NATURE.

It is purely vegetable, and may be used in all climates, and at all seasons of the year.

Prepared only by C. MORSE & CO., at 108 Fountain Street, Providence, R. I., and sold by thousands all over the United States, Canada, &c.

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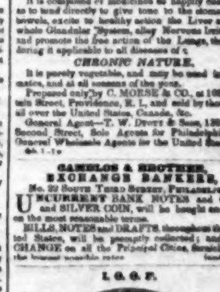

FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing. Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c., &c.,
No. 156 Market Street below Sixth Street, would call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order.

Selected Poetry.

AUTUMNAL VESPERS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

[illegible]

I will be patient, lest my sorrow bar
His grace and blessing, and I fall supine;
In my own hands my want and weakness are—
My strength, oh, God! is Thine.

Pictures of Life.

LIFE IN THE MAINE FORESTS.

From a new volume called "Forest Life and Forest Trees," by John S. Springer, a Maine lumberman, we take the following extracts:

THE DOWN-EAST LUMBERMEN.

[illegible]

INDIAN DEVILS AND BEARS.

[illegible]

SELLING A PASTORAL CHARGE.

The practice of selling the right to presentations of livings, in the Church of England, is treated as follows by Punch, in what is said to be a sketch of a real character:

A few days ago, certain Christian flocks were submitted to the hammer at the auction mart, and knocked down to the best Christian pastors, namely, to those happy shepherds who could best afford to offer the highest price for the chattels. Not being present at the ceremony, Punch does not pledge himself to the most rigid verbal accuracy in the report of the transaction; but no doubt the auctioneer did his best in the disposal of the goods, after the approved method of auctioneers in general.

"Gentlemen," says the man with the hammer, "the next article I have the honor to submit to your emulation is the advowson, with patronage, &c., of the rectory of Trottiro and Michael Church, Herefordshire, net annual value two hundred and fifty pounds, present incumbent seventy-four years of age. What shall we say for the recovery of Trottiro and Michael? Herefordshire, splendid county; magnificent hills, that lift the thoughts of Churchmen to the devotional attitude; beautiful thymy pasturage for sheep. Malvern mutton, for instance, unparalleled. Now, an offer, if you please, gentlemen, for Trottiro and Michael, net value two hundred and fifty pounds, gentlemen. Further, gentlemen, present incumbent is seventy-four years of age—seventy-four, gentlemen, so be quick with your biddings."

First Bidder.—One thousand pounds.

Auctioneer.—A thousand pounds! What, and present incumbent with one leg in the grave? Think of the country, gentlemen—the foot of the everlasting hills of Herefordshire, and mind your bidding.

Second Bidder.—One thousand two hundred.

Auctioneer.—And present incumbent seventy-four! Pray, gentlemen, do not forget; one leg in the grave, gentlemen; at least one leg.

Third Bidder.—Fifteen hundred.

Auctioneer.—Come, we're getting on; but fifteen hundred; only fifteen hundred, for Trottiro and Michael; going like a drug, gentlemen—like a drug. I should be sorry to find no better devotion in the company than—thank you, sir—sixteen hundred; no warmer enthusiasm for the Established Church, and that at the present time, when rampant Popery threatens—one thousand seven hundred, thank you—our altars and our hearths—seventeen hundred and fifty, thank you—and present incumbent—seventy-four, seventy-four—and according to the course of all sublunary things, with one leg in the grave, gentlemen—a human and commercial fact you cannot too well consider, gentlemen. No advance on seventeen hundred and fifty, and one leg in the grave?

Fourth Bidder.—Eighteen hundred.

Auctioneer.—Thank you; but consider, gentlemen, the span of life; seventy-four, and one—

Fifth Bidder.—Eighteen hundred and fifty.

Sixth Bidder.—Ninety.

Auctioneer.—Thank you; eighteen hundred and ninety for Trottiro and Michael; salubrious county—seventy-four—one leg in the grave—and the best pasturage. No advance on eighteen hundred and ninety? No advance!—going—going—one leg, gentlemen; I must call your attention to one leg in the grave. No advance? Going—going—(*Hammer falls.*) Anderson, with Rectory of Trottiro and Michael, yours, sir, and dog-cheap—sold for a song, sir; a very song.

☞ A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth on a piece of solid iron.

Wit and Humor.

THE PREACHER AND THE LAWYERS.

Jesse Lee, one of the first Methodist preachers in New England, was a man who combined [illegible] with an extraordinary propensity to wit. Rev. Mr. Stevens, in his "Memorials of Methodism," gives the following specimen of Lee's power to retort.

As he was riding on horseback one day, between Boston and Lynn, he was overtaken by two young lawyers, who knew that he was a Methodist preacher, and were disposed to amuse themselves at his expense. Saluting him, and ranging their horses on each side of him, they entered into a conversation something like the following:

1st Lawyer.—"I believe you are a preacher, sir?"

Lee.—"Yes; I generally pass for one."

1st Lawyer.—"You preach very often, I suppose?"

Lee.—"Generally every day; frequently twice or more."

2nd Lawyer.—"How do you find time to study, when you preach so often?"

Lee.—"I study when riding, and read when resting."

1st Lawyer.—"But do you not write your sermons?"

Lee.—"No; not very often."

2nd Lawyer.—"Do you not often make mistakes in preaching extemporaneously?"

Lee.—"I do, sometimes."

2nd Lawyer.—"How do you do, then? Do you correct them?"

Lee.—"That depends upon the character of the mistake. I was preaching the other day, and I went to quote the text,—'All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone;' but, by mistake, I said,—'All *lawyers* shall have their part—'"

2nd Lawyer (interrupting him).—"What did you do with that? Did you correct it?"

Lee.—"Oh, no, indeed! It was so nearly true, I didn't think it worth while to correct it."

"Humph!" said one of them, (with a hasty and impatient glance at the other,) "I don't know whether you are the more a knave or a fool!"

"Neither," he quietly replied, turning at the same time his mischievous eyes from one to the other; "I believe I am just *between* the two!"

Finding they were measuring wit with one of its masters, and excessively mortified at their discomfiture, the knights of the green bag drove ahead, leaving the victor to solitude and his own reflections.

EXPERIMENTAL ACOUSTICS.

A new correspondent, from Utica, N. Y., tells us the following good story:

Riding along with a friend the other day, a few miles out of the city, we came suddenly upon a farm house, with a beautiful garden in front, while standing in the road, apparently awaiting our approach, was an old man of perhaps sixty-five. When we arrived near him, he ordered us to stop, which singular request we complied with, wondering in our mind what could be his business with us. Immediately upon bidding us to halt, he turned in another direction, towards a piece of woods nearly a quarter of a mile off, and yelled with all his power of voice,

"Joshua!"

We turned our eyes in that direction, and beheld, in the lot adjoining the wood, a young man engaged in the rather laborious task of digging potatoes. Upon hearing the sound of the old man's voice, however, he rested on his hoe, and faced us. In a moment more came back the faint cry of—

"Hallo!"

The old man, seeing that his son had heard him, again yelled at the top of his venerable lungs—

"Where's the half-bushel?"

Again came back the faint response—

"In the potato bin."

"What did he say?" demanded the old man, turning to us.

We repeated the answer. He did not hear us, however, for he said—

"Louder; *I'm deaf!*"

We now screamed it in his ear, and upon being satisfied, he merely said—

"That's enough, you may go on."

The truth was now apparent; the old man, wishing the half-bushel measure, and being obliged to inquire its locality of his son, it would have been necessary for him to travel to the field, on account of his deafness; the expedient above related saved him that trouble, by furnishing an excellent *ear-trumpet.*—*Carpet Bag.*

One of the Justices.—Our learned Justice got in a fog; other counsel urged his position with great zeal and confidence. Each assured "his honor" there was no mistake but he was right in his position. Finally A—— knew he was right—says he—

"Such, your honor, is the law—I wouldn't be afraid to swear to it."

"What's that?" said the Justice. "Do you say you'll *swear* that that's the law?"

"Yes *sir-ee*," replies A——.

The Justice presented the book, and A—— testified, on his "corporal oath," that the law really was as he had contended. Whereupon B—— perceiving that the opposing counsel was getting a little the start, immediately arose and stated to "his honor" that he was ready to "make oath" that what A—— had sworn was the law was *not* law.

Whereupon the Justice—"Sit down, sir! Sit down, or I'll commit you! I'll have you know, sir, that I *don't allow a negative to be proved in my court!*"

It takes the "Virgin."—The two daily papers in Elmira have been firing "paper bullets of the brain" at each other for some days past, with much severity. Mrs. C. M. Burr, assistant editress of the Kusion, became entangled in the contest, and received some pretty harsh raps from Mr. Fairman, of the Republican. As an offset to this, Mrs. Burr sent a little poetic gem to the Republican for insertion, over a fictitious name, of course—entitled the "Death of Summer." Fairman nabbed at the bait—the poetic gem was set before his readers, and it proved to be an acrostic—the initial letters reading—"Long live Fairman, Prince of Asses, Amen!" There never was much gained by quarreling with women, no matter in what light we view it.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

It 'pears like it will never rain.—A short time since, says the Little Rock Gazette, in one of the adjoining counties, after several weeks of very dry weather, an acquaintance of ours had the misfortune to lose his wife. In three days after his unfortunate bereavement, he visited a widow in the neighborhood, and proposed to marry her, to which proposal she modestly intimated that she had no objections, but had rather wait until the tracks of his former wife were worn out; when the disconsolate widower replied, he would like the tracks were gone himself, "but it 'pears like it never would rain."

Taking it Literally.—Mr. Glazier, a grocer of Hartford, (says the Hartford Times,) had a friend call upon him the other day, who hitched his horse in the back yard. Mr. G. called his hired man—a clever Irishman—and told him to "go and put out the horse that stands in the yard." And he did put him out, by turning horse and wagon loose into the street, giving the pony a smart parting kick, as he said—"Begone, ye spalpeen; ye've no business here at all!"

Disadvantages of being Cross Eyed.—A parson complained to an elderly lady of his congregation, that her daughter appeared to be wholly taken up with trifles and worldly finery, instead of fixing her mind upon things above.

"You are certainly mistaken, sir," said she. "I know that this girl appears to an observer to be taken up with worldly things, but you cannot judge correctly of the direction her mind really takes, as she is a little cross-eyed."

Fame.—Some folks are easily glorified. We once knew a man who became so elated because he was elected first sergeant in the militia, that he went home and put a silver plate on his door. Ollapod, in speaking of this kind of people, makes mention of one Robin, who was so overjoyed the first time he saw his name in the list of letters, advertised by the post office, that he called his friends together and put them through an oyster.—*Albany Dutchman.*

☞ A boy, overdid lad, returning from dinner to his work one day, was asked by his master "if he had no other motion than that." "Yes," replied the youth, drawling out each word, "but it's a little slower."

THE PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURISTS.

[illegible]

Chorus.

Oh! these are days of delight, whether cloudy or bright,

At all seasons of the year!

When Adam waked up in the garden,
With the ribbed pain in his side,
He searched his [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
It is certainly pleasant to look at,
I'll try if it's pleasant to taste!"

Chorus.

[illegible]

Chorus.

'Twas an early commission,
With an agricultural loan,
For Adam was placed in Eden;
And Eve was the bone of his bone!
But like some modern ladies,
Permitted to govern the roost,
She finally lost him Paradise
For an apple or two at most!

Chorus.

Now these primitive agriculturists
Knew nothing of plough or spade,
And Beauty sprang up in the sunshine,
And Plenty lay hid in the shade;
The curse proved a genial blessing,
Their labor was never in vain,
And Eve had some old associates,
[illegible]

Chorus.

Selected Articles.

FULFILLING AGREEMENTS.

The remark has been made by observing men, that while regard to strict veracity, has never been uncommon in the community, or even among Christians, there has been for a number of years past a growing looseness in the fulfillment of promises. Less than formerly is the word of individuals considered binding, causing them, without scruples or misgivings, to do, so far as possible, exactly as they have agreed. Increased commercial activity, and great pecuniary revulsions, doubtless have worked as temptations to lead many astray from an abiding reference to truth in all the relations and transactions of life. But no cause in this matter amounts to a justification of wrong—of a wrong so enormous as that of disregarding the claims of veracity. For the moment a man feels at liberty to neglect a business agreement by forgetfulness or sheer indifference to it, he may on the same ground fall of truth in other things, and thus the most endearing relations in life, the most exalted reputation in others, and the dearest interest in society, are all put in jeopardy. The safeguards of society are in fact taken away, if it be pervaded by the leaven of unfaithfulness to its members.

We have often heard it remarked that membership in a Christian church is no pledge of commercial honesty or conscientious regard to truth. How far this charge holds true, it may not be possible to say. It is certain that not a few feel that at this very point the cause of religion is now laboring and suffering. While prayer, and zeal, and faith, and charity, and effort, have been preached and insisted on, they have come to be viewed by many as the sum of what a Christian profession requires. We all know that the age calls for the active and the forth-putting. The order of the day is to go ahead. You must not pause too long to think of obligations which cover the whole tract of life in all the minutiæ of its varied and every-day relations. The consequence of this too often is failure in meeting the claims of moral honesty.

Let the pulpit and the church of Christ direct attention to this subject. The claims of truth is everything, and the fearful fruits of setting it aside, never needed to be more strongly urged. Such preaching as that of the following paragraph of Dr. Wayland's Chapter on Veracity will suit more than one meridian:—

"Let it always be borne in mind that he who knowingly utters what is false, tells a lie; and a lie, whether of white or of any other color, is a violation of the command of that God by whom we must be judged. And let us remember that there is no vice which more easily than this stupefies a man's conscience. He who tells lies frequently, will soon become an habitual liar; and an habitual liar will soon lose the power of readily distinguishing between the conceptions of his imaginations and the recollections of his memory. I have known a few persons who seemed to have arrived at this most deplorable moral condition. Let every one, therefore, beware of the most distant approaches to this detestable vice. A volume might easily be written on the misery and loss of character which have grown out of a single lie; and another volume of illustrations of the moral power which men have gained by means of no other prominent attribute than that of bold, unshrinking veracity."—*Christian Watchman.*

THE DWELLERS IN THE ALPS.

Mr. C. L. Brace, whose imprisonment and adventures in Hungary have placed him prominently before the American public, within the past few months, writes as follows to the Hartford Times, in regard to the people of the Alps:

I suppose most of us from French Romances, or some equally reliable source, have a vague impression of the simplicity and unworldly innocent nature of the dwellers in the Alps. We picture a beautiful pastoral life of people unspoilt by the world, amid those mighty works of Nature—guileless shepherds in broad Swiss bonnets, and chamois hunters, who talk in simple rural style. The truth is, however, they are one of the *sharpest* people on the earth; they altogether outdo the Yankees in "making capital" of their grand mountains and waterfalls. There is no glen so remote where you will not find "short ways" of finishing Swiss scenery and paying francs. You cannot escape to a solitude so wild that little boys with wooden chamois, or girls with bunches of flowers, or men with plans and drawings, do not follow you, bawling the prices in your ears. You settle yourself down by a wild waterfall, to enjoy the solitary scene by yourself, and you will not be there fifteen minutes without having a polite offer from above to let out the water at so much a sou.

You ascend a lofty mountain-pass, with the snow around you, and the clouds beneath, and you will be sure to find some ruddy-faced, well-dressed boy or girl there, to beg from the stranger, where the only possible reason for giving would be that they looked so happy and comfortable. Let yourselves be caught in one of the "guileless" mountain cottages, and you will pay a price in the morning, such as you would hardly in the best hotels of the cities.

All this is quite natural, in a country which is the highway and place of amusement for all nations, and which is poor enough itself, and is not at all to be complained of by the traveller. It is only worth knowing, as a fact. The Swiss are certainly a *mercenary* people, and no apology can free them, entirely, from the charge.—Thrifty, brave, faithful, they have always been too ready to sell the *use* of their virtues, to any sort of bidder. At this very moment, the worst despotism in Europe, one which, in its unbounded barbarities and oppression, has called forth an indignant appeal from a High Tory member of the English House of Commons, the *Neapolitan Government*, is alone supported on the bayonets of Swiss Republicans. During my journey, I was struck with this. The whole attention of the public and the newspapers were concentrated on the question of the refugees—that is, whether the poor exiles from tyranny should be expelled from Switzerland, at the demand of Austria and Prussia. The result was, that in a private way, every one of them, nearly, was safely sent out of the country, and made to seek a new home again.

Peace and War.—Peace is that beautiful essence which flows undisturbedly from the pure and generous heart, and which so religiously says, "Though my neighbor offend me seventy times seven—yet do I freely forgive him." But war is a barbarous game of merchandise murder, which says, "My neighbor has slightly offended me; therefore must I inflict upon him the punishment of Cain."

A Courageous Boy.—In a town not far from Boston, a clergyman was visiting a district school, where a little boy was put forward by the teacher to "speak a piece," because he was bold. When he was done, the Clergyman praised him by saying, "Why, my little lad, you are not afraid, are you?" "No, I ain't afraid of nobody!—*I ain't afraid of skunks!*"

REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS.

It is natural that some interest should exist, to learn the closing scenes of life, and final resting places of the gallant band of officers, who figure in the history of our revolutionary struggle.

The following items, although incomplete, is believed to be correct as far as it extends:

General Mercer is usually said to have been killed at the battle of Princeton, but really died of [illegible]

Putnam was disabled from actual service in the middle of the contest, 1779, by a paralytic stroke, but survived till 1790, being 72 years old at his death. He was buried at Brooklyn, Conn.

Wayne died at Erie, Pa., where he was buried. At a late date the body was transported to Chester County, Pa. [illegible]

Schuyler, who deserves all the credit of the capture of Burgoyne, of which he was deprived by General Gates assuming the command, just as the arrangements for the battle had been made at Saratoga, died in New York in 1804.

Steuben, the Chevalier Bayard of our revolution, some years after [illegible], retired to Utica, New York, the Legislature of which State voted him a township—[illegible] in that neighborhood. Here, in an humble log house, he died, and was buried adjacent, in 1797.

St. Clair's last resting place is at Greensburgh, Westmoreland County, Pa. A neat marble pyramid being erected over his remains by his masonic brethren.

Mifflin, the idol of Pennsylvania, died in Lancaster, Pa., and was buried there.

Maxwell, who commanded the battle of Brandywine by opposing Knyphausen's troops in their attempts to cross Chadd's Ford, died at Flemington, N. J.

Montgomery and McDougal are buried in New York.

LOVE.

"Oh, yes," said Marion, earnestly, "I am sure that the only happiness worth calling happiness in the world, must be to find some one to love with all our heart and soul, and to be the whole world to each other. If I once found any one who would let me love as I could love, would it not go on strengthening to our lives end?—would not all duties, all employments, follow naturally, as flowers grow after the seed is sown?"

"Your dream is that of all young and loving natures," said Mr. Cunningham; "but you only seek after emotion, and all the sweet and melancholy you complain of is nothing but the craving for it. Love is the purification of the heart from self; it strengthens and ennobles the character; gives a higher motive and a nobler aim to every action of life, and makes both men and women strong, noble, and courageous; and the power to love truly and devotedly is the noblest gift with which a human being can be endowed—but it is a sacred fire that must not be burned to *idols.* You fancy, my dear Marion, that a devoted passionate lover would win similar devotion in return; but it is not so. No human being can bear the weight of an entire and undivided affection without staggering under the burden. At first this complete abandonment of yourself to your emotion may seem grand and devoted; but the object of it becomes weary; and when the stimulation of vanity has ceased, you will be thrown back upon yourself, broken with disappointment and humiliated to your very soul by finding that all your most precious things have ceased to be of any value. If you will examine thoroughly into your own heart, you will find that, bitter as this sounds, there is a reason; a *fact* is always true. There is blemish and weakness at the root of this apparent generosity. You are averse to the discipline of self-control, and no human being is, or ever can be, exonerated from this duty, imposed by nature herself. You expect another to sustain the full tide of your undisciplined energies—to guide you to that duty you refuse to do for yourself. Self-control, self-discipline, is the first law for both man and woman, from which no power can give a dispensation. Your present suffering arises mainly from having failed in this duty towards yourself. My dear child, it is only God Himself who is entitled to say, 'Give me thine heart,'—and on Him alone can we fling ourselves with all our weakness and our dependence."—*Marian Withers, a Novel.*

A BULL STORY.

Looking over Harper's Guide Book to the Erie Railroad, we encountered the following story, which may have some suggestive interest to our railroad friends:

What a chapter of fun and fury might be found in the *legal* history of a road, growing out of the delicate question of *right of way.* What sudden rises in the value of gravelly or boggy flats occur, as such choice territories are threatened with destruction by the appearance of a railroad. Proprietors quite willing a few days before to give away every other acre of their darling bogs and gravel banks, suddenly become afraid of selling them too cheap, and ask the prices of San Francisco town lots! They ask thousands, and get hundreds; and though their sales make them comfortable for life, many remain sworn enemies to the very road that enriches them. If the land agents of the company would only publish their diaries, they would excel in fun, just as the diary of a physician does in tragic interest. And while on the subject of right of way, listen, fellow traveller, to this odd illustration of it, that occurred during the first survey of the road, near Monroe. While the engineers were running a line in that quarter, one of those landed gentry refused them permission to effect their purpose through a certain field of his. They did not notice his warning or his threats, but one morning, just as they had assembled with their tools on the forbidden ground, a ferocious bull rushed upon them, roaring like one of his Bashan progenitors, with tail erect and head lowered in a very threatening manner. The farmer had placed him there in ambush the night before, and now stood near watching the issue of the conflict. A very short *survey* of the animal was needed by the engineers, who forthwith "*ran a line*" to the fence with unexampled directness and despatch. The bull, then left master of the field, amused himself with a *stampede* among the deserted instruments. A parley was then held, and the professionals declared that if the bull was not removed they would shoot him; and, some shooting-irons being soon produced for that purpose, the farmer gave in, and the bull was taken out. It seemed, however, that the animal "fed fat the ancient grudge" he bore the profession; for, when the first locomotive appeared on the scene of his defeat, he lay in ambuscade for the unconscious engine, and, rushing toward it, they met in full career, and his bullship was converted into fresh beef on the spot.

Pleasures of Matrimony.—I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at seventy-five degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home, instead of school, which I hate. I like music, and wish to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is but one thing we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word. I have had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys, never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them Cain. At this moment, they have just quarrelled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his colt like heel to Mortimer's ribs; while the baby, Zenobia, in my lap, who never sleeps more than a half-an-hour at a time, and cries all the time she is awake, has been roused by their din to scream in chorus. I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I never even kept a chambermaid more than three weeks. And, as to cooks, I look back, bewildered, on the long phantasmagoria of faces flitting eternally through my kitchen, as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thunder-gusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new chambermaid bounced out of the room yesterday, fixing her dusters and muttering, "Real old maid after all!" just because I showed her a table on which I could write "slut" with my finger in the dust. I never see my placid, happy sister, and then glance in the mirror at my own [illegible], long, doleful visage, without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life. Yet half of my care [illegible]—not for love, but for fear—for fear of dying old maid.—*Mrs. E. D. Hall.*

For the Young.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR SPARE MOMENTS.

A lean, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothing, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr. ——," said he.

"You want a breakfast more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy; "I should have no objection to a bit of bread; but I should like to see Mr. ——, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, may be, you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trousers. "I guess he has none to spare; he gives away a sight;" and, without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr. ——?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl, in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence. However, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said,

"Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but I know that after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked, the boy answered as readily as could be.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well!" looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"*In my spare moments,*" answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for College, by simply improving his spare moments. Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time?" How precious they should be! What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many, many other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the forecastle of a whale ship, in the gambling-house, or in the tippling-shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful courses, might answer, "In my *spare moments.*" "In my spare moments I gambled for marbles." "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink." "It was in my spare moments that I began to steal chestnuts from the old woman's stand." "It was in my spare moments that I gathered with wicked associates."

Oh, be very, very careful how you spend your spare moments! Temptation always hunts you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy; he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments.—*Mrs. H. C. Knight.*

LIGHTNING.

Q. What is meant by the clouds being in a "positive state of electricity?"

A. When the clouds contain *more* electric fluid than they *generally* do, they are said to be in a "positive state of electricity."

Q. What is meant by the clouds being in a "negative state of electricity?"

A. When the clouds contain *less* electric fluid than they generally do; they are said to be in a "negative state of electricity."

Q. Does the flash proceed from a *negative* or *positive* body?

A. Always from a *positive* body: that is, from one *over-charged* with electric fluid.

Q. Why does *lightning* sometimes *kill* men and beasts?

A. Because, when the electric current passes through a man or beast, it produces so *violent an action upon the nerves*, that it destroys life.

Q. *When* is a person struck *dead* by lightning?

A. Only when his body forms a part of the *lightning's path;* that is, when the electric fluid (in its way to the earth) actually passes *through his body.*

Q. Why are *persons* sometimes *maimed* by lightning?

A. Because the electric fluid produces an *action upon the nerves sufficient to injure* them, but not to *destroy life.*

Q. Lightning sometimes assumes the appearance of *balls of fire* which fall to the earth, what are they?

A. Masses of explosive gas formed in the air; they generally move more slowly than lightning.

Q. Why are these *ball of fire* so very *dangerous?*

A. Because when they fall they explode like a cannon; and occasion much mischief.

Q. Do these *balls of fire* ever run along the ground?

A. Yes; sometimes they run a considerable distance along the ground, and explode *in a mass.*

At other times they split into numerous *smaller balls*, each of which explodes in a similar manner.

Q. What *mischief* do these *balls* of fire produce?

A. They *set fire* to houses and barns, and kill all cattle and human beings which happen to be in their course.

Q. What *places* are most *dangerous* during a *thunder storm?*

A. It is very dangerous to be near a tree, or lofty building; and also to be near a river, or any running water.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

The Olio.

Making Hooks and Eyes.—The N. Y. Evening Post has a letter from a correspondent in Connecticut, from which we make the following interesting extract:

Upon the premises we were shown the works of the Waterbury Hook and Eye Company, where a capital of $16,000 is employed in the manufacture of hooks and eyes. Here were arranged long rows of little machines about the size of small wash-stands, under which a constant shower of these little feminine conveniences was pouring down, but from what cause or by what agency it was difficult to conjecture. Upon a closer inspection, a large spool of wire was perceived revolving slowly in its rear, growing shorter inch by inch in mechanical harmony with the machinery, while iron fingers curiously articulated, were ready to grasp the severed fragment, and pass it along from change to change until it finally dropped into the receptacle beneath, a perfect hook or eye, ready for use.

For a moment it seemed as if each machine was instinct with life and intelligence. The power of speech seemed to be all that was lacking to complete the delusion. There were but four or five men in the room who passed around occasionally from one stand to the other, to oil the machinery, to supply new wire when the previous spool was consumed, or to empty the vessels when filled by the silvery shower. The whole performance more resembled a voluntary process of nature than the result of mechanical art. The duty of the superintendent of one of these machines, seemed curiously alike to that of the gardener who plants his peach stones, which, after many days, sprout, grow into a tree, blossom and finally bear peaches, which when ripe drop from their branches and are gathered for use.

A Good Suggestion from an Indian.—G. Copway, a Chief of Ojibway Nation, has written the history of his country. It is said to be well-done. In it is this passage:—"Teaching the Indians in their own language what little some have learned, is one of those errors into which the majority of Missionaries have fallen. I have endeavored to persuade them to teach our people English, and their course afterwards tells me—'we know better than you do,' and therefore a great amount of time and a tremendous amount of money has been expended in translating a few books. We have been able to read them, but not one sentence of English." He recommends the English language, being the prominent language of the continent, should supersede that of the Indians. Three things are requisite for their advancement, a mechanical or agricultural education, a high toned literature, and a national moral training.

Knowledge of Men.—We know them, we judge them, only in the strangest, most complex and often most unnatural relations, far away from their proper selves, in situations and in atmospheres where they are shaken and troubled and become dim. We look always one way—down into some muddy pond, where the real character of a man is tossed on the waves of a vain opinion. Pshaw! look up at once into the man's face—into his soul—where God gives you opportunity.

CHANGE AND THE CHANGELESS.

The eye that sparkles with a flood of mirth
Is quenched ere long in [illegible]
[illegible]
Those flood the rooms whose laughter had its birth
To-day we smile—the next in [illegible]

[illegible]

And when the spirit from the body parts,
Life's second life its death will fail to sever!

Hale's Household Words.

The Tomb of Pizarro.—In the crypt under the high altar are deposited the remains of the celebrated Pizarro, [illegible]—*A Ramble from Sidney to Southampton.*

Superstition.—In a large village in Dorsetshire, not far from the county town, an intelligent man went recently into the house of a somewhat respectable woman, who keeps a general shop in the village; and who is the mother of a numerous family; and seeing her with a large family Bible open before her, and several of her children collected around, while she was cutting and paring their finger-nails, and so holding their hands as that their cuttings might drop on the leaves of the Bible, he asked her why she did this? Suspecting, by her manner, that she had some object in view, judge of his surprise when she replied,

"I always, when I cut the nails of my children, let the cuttings fall on the open Bible, that they may grow up to be *honest.* They will never steal, if the nails are cut over the Bible."

☞ If your divines are not philosophers, your philosophers will neither be divine, nor able to divine.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 53 letters.

My 1, 7, 12, 8, 4, is a species of poultry.
My 2, 6, 22, is a numeral.
My 3, 28, 9, 26, is a gentleman's garment.
My 4, 16, 7, 20, 12, 18, 11, is what every person should practice.
My 5, 7, 7, 17, is part of a house.
My 6, 28, 27, 20, is a part of speech.
My 7, 3, 10, 8, is very useful in baking.
My 8, 11, 26, is a sort of grain.
My 9, 24, 2, 20, 26, 21, 1, 20, 16, 20, is a town in Connecticut.
My 10, 4, 1, is what all cooks make use of.
My 11, 2, 27, is a personal pronoun.
My 12, 10, 21, 4, 11, is the cause of a great amount of evil.
My 13, 27, 6, 20, 4, is a weight.
My 14, 6, 25, 7, 21, is what should be preserved in this country.
My 15, 13, 8, 4, is a species of flower.
My 16, 11, 9, 21, 26, 13, is a shell fish.
My 17, 25, 1, is a fruit.
My 18, 13, 27, 21, 24, is a game given to many Frenchmen.
My 19, 5, 4, 1, 13, 6, is a section of country in the West.
My 20, 27, 3, 9, 4, is what we all need in sickness.
My 21, 14, 24, 19, 4, 1, is a useful spice.
My 22, 5, 6, 13, 13, 6, is what we are all liable to.
My 23, 4, 20, 20, is an American coin.
My 24, 10, 6, 2, 4, is a part of music.
My 25, 27, 10, is very useful in Summer.
My 26, 2, 17, 17, 4, 23, is an agreeable drink.
My 27, 21, 26, 19, 7, 5, 20, is a quadruped.
My 28, 4, 6, 20, 21, 9, 10, 4, is one of the United States.

My whole is an illustrious personage, and was a brave commander in the late Mexican War. J. P. A.

Stonington, Conn.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am made of three parts—for my first you must seek
When six days are passed since the first of the week;
And when you have found it, continue, and you
Will find at the end of it my next part, too.
My third in most fences will always appear,
Though not in the sense that I take it in here.
My whole, if you take it, you need not be told,
Can never be balanced in value with gold. J., Jr.

Lynchburg, Va.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Given the curve superficies of the frustrum of a sphere, equal to 1,000; and the difference between its solid content and that of a cylinder of the same diameter and altitude, equal to 1,000, to determine both the diameter and altitude. P. M. M.

Austin, Texas.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a man opening oysters, like Captain Cook firing on the savages? Ans.—Because he is astonishing the natives.

☞ Why is a lady curling her hair, like a housebreaker? Ans.—Because she is twisting and turning locks.

☞ Why is the devil riding on a mouse like one and the same thing? Ans.—He is sin on a mouse (synonymous.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.

Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Philadelphia.

PUZZLE.—A Leaf.

CHARADE.—Curfew.

For Housekeepers.

Puff-Paste.—One pound of butter,
One pound of flour.

Wash your butter in cold water to extract all the salt; work it well with a broad wooden spoon in order to get out all the water. Lay it between clean napkins, put it in a tin pan or plate, set it on the ice to get hard, but do not let it freeze. Sift your flour in a pan, cut the butter in four equal parts, cut one-fourth in very small pieces in the flour, but do not touch it, as the warmth of your hands will make the paste heavy. Add to the flour as much *cold* water as will make it a stiff dough. Turn it out on your pie-board, roll it gently into sheets, cut one third of the remainder of the butter into small pieces, and lay over it, sprinkle on a *very little* flour, fold it over, roll it out again, cut one-half of the butter which is left in small pieces and lay on, put on a little flour, and fold it as before, roll it out again, and put on the remainder of the butter. It should now be set on the ice, but should not come in contact with it. When it is perfectly cold, roll it out in a sheet thinner in the centre than at the edges of your pie, cut it with a *very sharp* knife the size you wish it. Fill with whatever you choose, and bake in a tolerably quick oven.

Plain Paste.—One pound of flour,
Three-quarters of butter.

Put the ingredients together in the same manner as directed for puff-paste.

Common Paste.—One pound of flour,
Half-a-pound of butter.

Proceed as directed for puff-paste, only the butter need not be washed, nor the paste placed upon the ice.

A very good paste may be made with the above quantity of flour, and a quarter of a pound of butter, and the same quantity of nice fresh lard.

Lemon Pudding, No. 1.—Half-a-pound of sugar,
Half-a-pound of butter,
Five eggs,
The grated rind and juice of one lemon,
Half-a-gill of brandy.

Beat the butter and sugar. Whisk the eggs and add to it the grated yellow rind and juice of one lemon, and lastly the liquor. Make a puff-paste, line your pie-plates with it, and pour in the mixture. These ingredients will make three puddings.

It requires a moderate oven.

This is a very rich and expensive kind of pudding.

In place of the liquor, a table-spoonful of rosewater, and a tea-spoonful of grated nutmeg may be added.—*National Cook-Book.*

Agricultural.

MANAGEMENT OF MOWING LANDS.

Mr. Editor:—I perceived an article in the Farmer of August 2, headed, "Management of Mowing Lands," penned by Mr. E. Bridge. The ideas advanced are different from my own, at least as far as my experience teaches. I think that hay ought not to be cut until the seed is full, or in the ear, which can be determined when the [illegible]; I am now speaking of herds grass; [illegible] Second, I think no meadow ought to be cut too young in the [illegible], without having a little seed scattered on the ground, which will make young and vigorous roots come on as the older ones die out; whereas, if cut in the blade, the seed is not replenished; so that meadows must necessarily run out in a limited time.

With regard to feeding meadows, I find a great benefit in feeding my meadows in the Fall of the year. By so doing, the seed that is left on the ground vegetates in the Spring; otherwise it would rot. I prefer sheep to any other stock to mow the aftermath, as they take it closer and more even, as the nutriment has a better chance to vegetate, and they scatter the manure more equally over the surface of the ground.

I have upland meadows managed as above described, that have been mowed nineteen years in succession, without breaking up; neither has any manure been put thereon in that time. I mow the hay-fed on the land, and the five last crops were the best; they averaged from one and a half to two tons to the acre, and I see no good reason why, managed as above described, I could not continue to mow them for twenty years more.

If you think the above worthy of a place in your paper, they are at your service.

Yours respectfully,

SETH WETHERBEE.

Jacksonville, Illinois, Aug. 17, 1851.

[Remarks.—Our correspondent's mode for managing mowing lands seems to prove a very good one for the rich lands of the West, but it would not answer in New England, where the lands are less fertile. We must improve our lands by top-dressing, or by thorough tillage and manuring, else they will fail to produce good crops of grass. We agree with him as to the time of cutting herds grass, very nearly; if cut when the seed is almost full, there will be more tons to the acre, each ton will contain more nutriment, animals generally will prefer the hay, and for laboring animals it will be as good as earlier cut hay with a small portion of grain. This is according to our experience and observation.—*Editor New England Farmer.*]

Culture of the Peach from Seed.—Mr. Editor:—In answer to your correspondent who inquires how the seed of the peach is preserved during Winter—and in what way cultivated? I would say, I was present at Mr. Philip Reybold, Jr.'s, of Del., planting some time since, and learned his mode of proceeding, by which he is accustomed to raise from 50 to 60,000 trees annually, budding them in the succeeding Autumn. He prepares a corner of his orchard by ploughing and fencing it carefully from the depredations of stock, and on the pulverized surface scatters his peach pits, to the amount of many bushels, covering them slightly with loose earth, and leaving them exposed to the frosts and snows, and thaws, and freezings of the whole Winter; and when, on examination in the Spring, he finds them opening, and bursting their shells, he selects them carefully, placing those that have so sprouted in baskets by themselves, and those pits that have not opened, into other baskets, planting the former in long drills made by the plough in his nursery, at the distance of about 4 inches apart, covering them slightly with pulverized earth; after which, the remainder of the pits are sown in the same kind of drills, the rows 4 or 5 feet apart. Here they are kept perfectly clean during the whole Summer by the hand-hoe, budded as has been said, in the Autumn, when some of them have attained the height of six feet or even more, and cut over close to the bud the next Spring; after which, and by the time of taking up the next Autumn, they will have attained another height of six or eight feet, making a whole growth of from 12 to 14 feet, in about seventeen months! at this season of the year he also sows his apple pips, which he obtains in large quantities from the cider-mills, with the seeds of pears and the pits of other fruits, and I know of no one more careful in the culture, or more to be dependent upon in the selection of trees for planting, which I have reason to know will come true to character. Now is the time to collect peach pits, and it is no more trouble to sow one thousand, than one hundred.—*Boston Cultivator.*

The Nettle.—By the farmers of this country, the nettle is proscribed as a noxious and worthless weed. Yet in Holland it is far from being regarded as valueless; the economical Dutchman using it as a pot-herb, in its young state, and its roots for dying yellow. The seed is also considered, and possesses the reputation of imparting superior spirit and activity to horses as well as a fine lustrous gloss to their hair. It is sometimes sown and cut as a green feed for cows—from four to six acres being appropriated to its production on a single farm, and affording from five to six cuttings a year. In the papers of the Bavarian Society it is said to possess many important properties, of which the following are the most prominent:—

"Eaten in salad, it relieves consumption; it fattens horned cattle, whether eaten green or dried; it not only fattens calves, but improves greatly the quality of their flesh; it is an antidote to most maladies; sheep fed on it bring forth healthy and vigorous lambs; it promotes the laying of eggs in hens; it improves the fat of pigs; the seeds, mixed with oats, are excellent for horses; it grows all the year around, even in the coldest weather, and the fibres of the stem makes an excellent hemp." "The Bavarian oracle might have added," observes a late writer, "that few plants force better or more rapidly, and that the tender shoots, so produced, make a delicate and highly flavored pot-herb, resembling, in many respects, the points of the shoots of the pumpkin."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Moon's Influence.—Mr. Editor:—In a late conversation with a German farmer, who soon perceived that I had no faith in the moon's influence on vegetation, he replied—taking down his almanac from a nail behind the door—"Now look you here, how should I know when to plant my crops if it was not for my almanac? Why I should blunder, blunder as bad as my neighbors, and my wheat would be spoiled by the rust like theirs, and nothing would be sure to go right; but I will convince you in a minute that you are wrong; just take a shingle and lay it on the grass in the new moon, and lay another by the side of it when the moon is at full, and you will find that the grass under one of them will grow, and lift it up, while under the other the grass will die, but grow all around it. Look at this worm-fence, you see some of the foundation-stones are sunk into the ground, while others are standing above it, and you will just see this is the truth where we now are; these stones were laid while the moon was in the increase, and those were laid while the moon was in the decrease, and there is the truth, you may depend." This is an interesting question for discussion, and although like the water-dowsing subject, it will be sure to have its advocates, as well as opponents, I see no objection to its very careful examination. We know that both questions have been agitated for ages, which leaves one to wonder that they have not long since been decided.—*Correspondent Boston Cultivator.*

A Hairless Ox.—Mr. Editor:—A friend of mine in the Town of Gilead, has a young ox, the hair of which commenced coming off about a year ago in small spots; the first spots was about as large as half-a-dollar, and it has gone all over him, so that he is almost as hairless as an elephant; he appears to be well otherwise, and works well and holds his flesh; there does not appear to be any soreness, nor does he rub himself as though it was troublesome to him.—*Boston Cultivator.*

A Disinfecting Agent.—Mix four parts of dry, ground plaster of Paris with one part of fine charcoal, by weight, and strew this around the premises affected with any unpleasant odor, arising from decayed animal matter, and the gases producing the odor will directly be absorbed.